published monthly since 1866

The Fortnightly

FOUNDED IN 1865 BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

NOVEMBER, 1950 MVII N.S.

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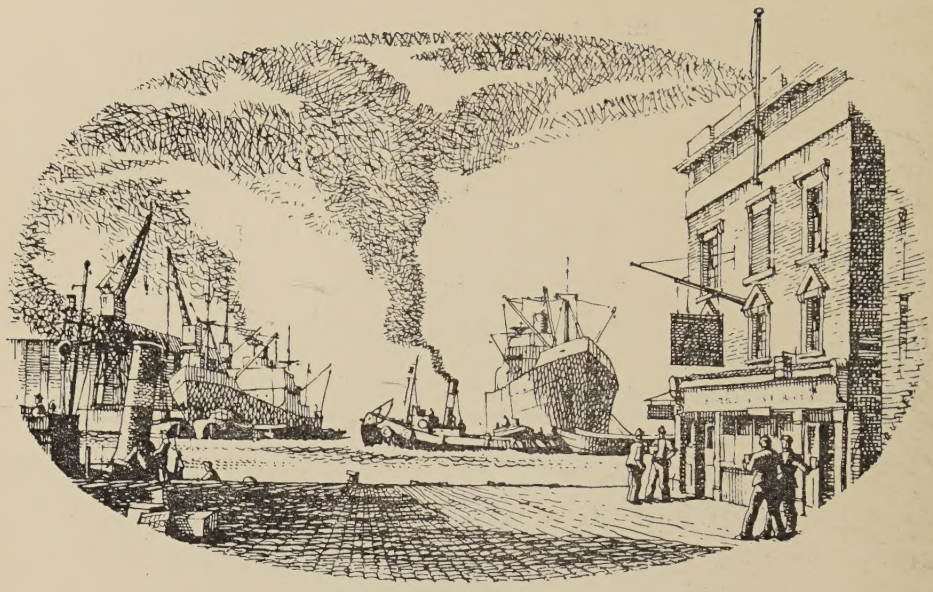

"Next to mine own shippe I do most love that old Shippe in Exon, a tavern . . . . A mariner fresh come from Plimouth told me that the Power of Spain is already afloat." Thus wrote Drake (according to local tradition) when the Armada was fitting out. In every port there are taverns which have heard tidings brought from distant seas and plans for great ventures—taverns which have been preserved by the brewer working in a unique form of partnership with mine host.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

NOVEMBER 1950

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IDEOLOGICAL CONFLICT

BY WILLIAM BROWN

MOST educated and thinking people imagine that the problem of conflict in human affairs can be solved in the light of common sense, but their mutually conflicting theories suggest that no adequate solution is to be reached along this line. Diagnosis and treatment must be at deeper levels. Some have denied the existence of any instinct of pugnacity, or indeed of the herd instinct, holding that such reactions are acquired by the individual after birth under the influence of derived emotions, artificially stimulated and inadequately controlled. The solution, if such were the case, would be by the application of extreme rationalism to the problem. But man is not a rational animal nor fully under the control of reason.

It must, I think, be admitted that there is an instinctive pugnacity in man. It proceeds from the fundamental need for self-preservation. Man is a fighting animal, defending himself when attacked, and even putting himself in the attitude of defence when there is no attack. He will not take unfavourable conditions lying down. He will combine to fight both for his class and for his nation when things become intolerable.

But that is not all. In his own inward development and as a member of a society or a nation, man tends to accumulate grievances and grudges, which continue to plague him from within. Their cumulative subconscious effect is to make him envious, spiteful, jealous, and unduly suspicious of his fellows, or some of them. He is continually on the defensive, and projects his stored up hatred and aggressiveness upon other people, sometimes upon those immediately around him, at other times upon those at a distance of whom he may know next to nothing. He counts them as his enemies, and feels that he must be on his guard against them. The word which the psychologist uses to denote this state of mind is " paranoid ".

The paranoid tendency is not the same as the full-blown mental illness " paranoia ", which is defined by Kraepelin as " the insidious development, following from inner causes, of a lasting unshakable delusional system, which proceeds with complete preservation of clearness in thinking, willing and acting." The paranoid tendency is of much wider incidence, affecting persons who are not in the least mentally certifiable and who may be regarded as normal except under

some unusual mental stimulus or provocation or in their relation to some other individuals or groups. This explains many race, class, and personal prejudices and hatreds. I cannot better the definition of the paranoid tendency which I gave in my *Oxford Essays on Psychology*

> . . . a general disposition to misjudge people, to become suspicious without adequate grounds, to feel that people are working against one when they are not really doing so. The main psychological mechanism involved is that of projection —a projecting of the person's aggressiveness and hostility upon others. (pp. 51, 52) *

This tendency shows itself in nations as well as in individuals. It is seen in the imputation of sinister motives, the capricious misunderstanding of intentions, the readiness to take offence when no offence is intended. It spreads by a kind of rapid contagion. The individuals in the nation or group react to each other. Propaganda inflames what otherwise might have died down. The sanctity of a " cause " is invoked. The paranoid tendency develops on the other side as well. It increases in intensity, until at last the charged clouds break in thunder and hell is let loose. Once the battle is joined there is no stopping it until one or other side is destroyed. That is why the time to stop war is before it starts.

It is in the light of these deep psychological reactions that we have to view the problem of coming to terms of some sort with the U.S.S.R. The iron curtain is not merely a political but also a psychological barrier. The great task of Russia for many years—since, indeed, 1917, which Ilya Ehrenburg in *Pravda*† called " the first genuine year of the new century "—has been to build up her own form of democracy in face of much opposition from other States. This opposition has given the Soviet leaders a feeling of insecurity, which itself breeds suspicion and counter-hostility. Their democratic theory, cumbrously called " Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism ", with its philosophical basis in " dialectical materialism ", almost forces them into a fanatical frame of mind. They are vividly aware all the time of their basic conflict with capitalism.

It is true that Marshal Stalin has protested that capitalism and Communism can exist side by side for a prolonged period. Nevertheless, deep in the theory of Communism is the belief that capitalism will resist its development with increasing intensity so that ultimately a head-on collision between the two ideologies will be inevitable. Compromises may maintain the peace for the time being, but they are looked upon as being only political expedients. The lowering background of the picture remains unchanged. The U.S.S.R. fears the enmity of capitalist countries, but it fears even more their

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**Oxford Essays on Psychology.* By William Brown, D.M. (Oxon.), D.Sc. (Lond.), F.R.C.P. Heinemann Medical Books, 2nd Impression 1949.

†" Half a Century ", January 1, 1950.

proffered amity,* since this is likely to postpone the onward march of their own system. Fear is the characteristic of the paranoid person, as of the paranoid political group, and it is when his fears are most acute that he is most aggressive. Often what seems to be gross hypocrisy and a deliberate attempt to make others the aggressor is really only the working out of the unconscious process of projection from the mind of the suspicious leader and his followers. He sees in the other a magnified image of his own aggressiveness. This was conspicuously the case with Hitler, but Hitler was a remarkable combination of two tendencies—the paranoid tendency and the hysterical tendency—in the same person.

What can the rest of the world say, or do, in view of the intransigence shown by the U.S.S.R. at successive international conferences and on other occasions ? Hitherto, Marshal Stalin himself has given the impression of realistic sanity as well as of political acumen. But the general behaviour of the Politburo as a determining force in Soviet diplomacy can only be described as paranoid in character, dominated by suspicions and fixed resentments, interpreting the policies and acts of western nations as dictated by a desire to encircle and humiliate the Soviet government and people. This fanatical conviction stimulates aggressiveness among those who hold it, and has made the U.S.S.R. unduly pre-occupied with defence against potential enemies on one side of the iron curtain and traitors and saboteurs on the other.

The difference between mental sickness in an individual and in a nation is only one of scale. What can minister to a mind—let us not say diseased, but encumbered with a weight of suspicion, the prey of obsessional illusions—when it is the mind of a great nation, of the leaders of a great nation ? Political and economic expedients have their important place, and it is inevitable that the chief attention should be given to them, and yet when all is said and done the dark proliferation at the roots still goes on. In the case of a sick person what we undertake is a deep mental analysis—psycho-analysis in its widest sense—in which the full psychological meaning and causation of his unhappy state is resolutely unravelled, and he is made to see it, and admit it to himself, and face it courageously.

Roosevelt in a speech in 1939 to the Board of the Pan-American Union said : " Men are not prisoners of fate. They are only prisoners in their own minds." A nation that is paranoid has become a " prisoner in its own mind." The way of deliverance, can we but find it, is even more in the psychological than in the political realm. But where is the super-psychiatrist who, having first analysed his own mind—as every psychiatrist should—so that he has arrived at full self-knowledge and freedom from illusion and self-righteousness,

*as Mr. Winston Churchill has pointed out.

can bring to bear upon the leaders of a people this deep and patient analysis, this penetrating understanding, for the healing of the nations ?

If two nations—like two individuals—are to co-operate, a right attitude of mind is necessary on both sides. There must be a desire for mutual understanding and a willingness to accommodate different points of view. As soon as an attitude of hostility arises, even though it is concealed by a polite exterior, differences are apt to grow into misunderstandings, confidence gives place to suspicion, and eventually what is called a paranoid state may develop—a pathological tendency and a set frame of mind which may affect whole peoples and governments as well as individual persons. In this paranoid state motives are misinterpreted, occasions for offence are found where no offence was intended, and either side may project its aggressiveness upon the other, so that it sees in that other an image which is really the creation of its own fears. When this paranoid tendency becomes fixed the cure is very difficult. Individuals and groups can be saved from the dangers of their own mental attitude only by some form of sympathetic insight, resistance and control.

Such an attitude of mind is one of the fundamental difficulties in arriving at co-operation with Russia. But apart from subjective psychological conditions, objective political differences have also frankly to be recognized. The U.S.S.R. has adopted a theory of economics and a general political outlook the sharp edge of which seems to forbid any attempt at compromise. Marshal Stalin has indeed spoken of the theory as admitting of development, but any such development is so conditioned that all forms of idealistic and religious philosophy are excluded, and the working out of the theory involves harshness and cruelty intolerable to any State organization with religious and humanitarian traditions.

Let us think for a few moments about dialectical materialism, which is the mainspring of the Russian theory. To begin with, it suffers from the fundamental logical absurdity of all materialism in that it refutes itself—eats its own head. The argument may be stated briefly thus :

According to materialism, matter or material process (in ultimate analysis) is the only real agent ;
hence, mental activity as such is illusory ;
hence, intellectual activity, which is a form of mental activity, is illusory ;
hence, the products of intellectual activity are illusory ;
hence, the theory of materialism, which is one of the products of intellectual activity, is illusory—that is, refutes itself.

Another thing to be considered about materialism is this. Only the mathematical physicist—that is, one who understands and can

use higher mathematics—has any right to call himself a materialist, and yet no mathematical physicist can really be a materialist because he is aware more clearly than anyone else of the dependence of his knowledge upon the process of knowing, and that the process of mathematical thinking, as contrasted with its products (the differential equations, etc.), are spiritual in the highest sense of complete honesty and integrity and the exercise of a far-seeing and creative imagination. In a word, the higher mathematician not only understands and solves the differential equations, he forms them. For him it is not only a detached subject of study, it is a working faith.

It is interesting to note that not even Bertrand Russell finds himself able to be a materialist; he calls himself a neutral monist and empiricist, while his great collaborator, the late Professor A. N. Whitehead, an equally distinguished and a practising mathematician, became towards the end of his life more and more sympathetic towards the ideas and position of F. H. Bradley, the neo-Hegelian, as is seen, for example, in his *Adventures and Ideas*.

The dialectics of the theory are a different matter and, as set out in the original Hegelian form, they are, though not an aspect of absolute truth, plausible and suggestive. Marx and Hegel represent two extremes, the left and the right, which, however, mutually rob us of truth, and along with the departure of truth goes the possibility of sweet reasonableness and mutual tolerance.

It is by no accident that these two philosophies have led to the two extreme forms of totalitarianism in modern times, Communism and National Socialism, both ending in dictatorship with its appalling psychological results. Human nature is not built for permanent or semi-permanent dictatorship, and the assumption of such overwhelming authority works out ill for both dictator and subject. " Power corrupts," as Lord Acton said ; " absolute power corrupts absolutely." The dictator becomes fanatical and arbitrary, apprehensive of rivals to his authority, a prey to fear and suspicion, and he may go on, as exemplified by the latter-day Hitler, to full-fledged paranoia, with delusions of persecution and grandeur. Hitler, possessed by this fanatical spirit, murdered 2,500,000 Jews at Auschwitz by direct *Führerbefehl* (command from the leader) to Rudolf Hoess, in 1941.* It should always be remembered that his system developed as a rebound from his own conception of Communism, whose revolutionary methods he took over, especially in the form of " terror must be met by terror," and adapted them to the Reich. It is to be acknowledged, of course, that Communism, unlike National Socialism, carries with it no belief in racial superiority. Communism, in its penultimate stage of Russian Socialism, involves subjection of the individual to the dictatorial proletarian State, but

**Nuremberg Diary*, by G. M. Gilbert. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1948, pp. 149, 150.

not the subjection of "inferior" races.

Dialectical materialism in its latest phase is represented by the dialectical triad : Imperialist Capitalism (thesis), Russian Socialism (antithesis), Communism (synthesis). Any fanatical acceptance of this triad as representing absolute truth—such an acceptance as we find in the Politburo of the U.S.S.R.—must lead ultimately to a head-on collision. If it means anything it supports the inevitability of revolution, as contrasted with evolution, or "the inevitability of gradualness."

It is here that the development of Socialism in Great Britain presents so marked a contrast to these two extreme conceptions. As Mr. Attlee has pointed out, the movement in this country has taken a different path from that of the Marxian doctrine. It has been Christian in spirit—many of its early leaders were nurtured in the Churches and their first public utterances were from a pulpit—it has been humanitarian in outlook, and in its methods empirical rather than doctrinaire. It has never abandoned its belief in the ultimate value of the individual person. While Marshal Stalin, echoing Lenin, has declared that capitalism and Communism can live side by side for a long period, a clash seems inevitable in the end, but a reformist democracy in Great Britain has escaped this dilemma.

It is true that materialism has one great advantage. It can adapt itself to the various ground it covers because it depends upon a building up from below. Its progress is either mechanical, with piece added to piece, or evolutional within an ultimate and absolute time-sequence, whereas the spiritual conception of society depends upon some all-inclusive super-temporal spiritual system. Conscience, humanity, social care, a positive striving for peace—these things do not come about as the result of some merely mechanical process, they derive from the super-temporal spirit of the universe, whom millions call God, and they are introduced into human society by obedience to and service for the ideal.

Materialism explains advance in terms of space and time, but these very explanations involve ultimate self-contradictions, found even in the more modern Einsteinian theory of dynamics. Here we have the doctrine of antinomies as set out clearly in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and in more modern philosophical writings, such as F. H. Bradley's and Henri Bergson's.

In this strange and sinister deadlock of ideas is there any hope of reconcilement sufficient to avert calamity ? The paranoid tendency in Russia has, of course, been aggravated by American secretiveness over the plutonium atom bomb, and may be increased again as the result of the development of the hydrogen bomb, though the Russians, having solved the problem of the plutonium bomb, may now quickly solve this other problem. There are two arguments by which the

continued development of the hydrogen bomb may be defended. The practical argument of the Americans is that if they do not produce it their potential enemies will soon do so, and that they owe it to their people for reasons of security, to leave nothing undone in this direction. The other argument is that the physical principles involved in the synthesis of hydrogen nuclei to form helium, with the expected evolution of enormous amounts of energy*, can only be proved correct by the actual manufacture and exploding of the bomb. Thus, alike from the point of view of defence and the testing out of theory, there will be much to be said for proceeding with this development.

The way of wise statesmanship, as many leaders of all political parties in Great Britain have urged, is the outlawing of the bomb, just as the use of gas has been outlawed, but with adequate safeguards of international inspection. The call of twelve eminent American scientists for a solemn declaration that America will never use the bomb unless and until an enemy uses it is of great significance.

As for Western Union, this can only justify itself as a form of defence if it includes also constructive social and economic reform. The policy of the western powers towards Germany is an element of vast importance in the situation. The development of a sound democracy in a united Germany free from the extremes of Nationalism and of Communism, will be of incalculable importance in the preservation of world peace. Meanwhile the mere passage of time is something gained. Time provides a " forgetting space " ; it wears down suspicions, and proves fears to have been unfounded. Even if, despite all reassurances and tentative friendliness, the present rulers of Russia remain unconvinced of the good intentions of the western world, their successors in course of time may be more flexible, and the way, though a long one, may at last be opened to *rapprochement* without collision.

(Dr. William Brown was formerly Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy and Director of the Institute of Experimental Psychology in the University of Oxford. His article is the substance of an address given to the Parliamentary Committee for World Government on July 7, 1950, Mr. Gilbert McAllister, M.P., presiding as chairman.)

*In accordance with Einstein's equation : $E = mc^2$, where c is the velocity of light. See E. N. da C. Andrade's *The Structure of the Atom.* Bell. 3rd edn. 1927, p. 160.

THE BRITISH IN GERMANY

By M. J. Bonn

I

AT the conferences which decided the fate of Germany, British statesmen stood for moderation and commonsense. They had few illusions about Russia, to whom the collapse of Germany and Japan had given freedom of action in both directions. They insisted on the inclusion of France in the peace settlement, being well aware of France's weakness ; yet without her Germany could not be kept under control, and an Anglo-American foothold on the Continent could hardly be maintained, They doubted the perseverance of the United States—for President Roosevelt had told Marshal Stalin that he could not keep the American army in Germany for more than two years. They had not been enthusiastic over some United States policies. They had disliked the anti-discrimination clause of the Atlantic Charter. They were worried by the demand for " unconditional surrender ".

In a weak moment, Mr. Churchill had accepted the infantile Morgenthau plan ; he has since courageously expressed his deep regret at ever having endorsed it. Though he could have hardly forced it down the throats of the British Cabinet, he must have felt greatly relieved, when the President dropped it. Again, the British had opposed dismembering Germany ; they had even made an unsuccessful attempt to prevent her being cut up in separate occupation zones. They insisted, that during this administrative partition, her economic unity must be maintained. They had defeated the American-Russian proposal to fix Germany's reparation debt at 20 billion dollars. Later on Mr. Bevin denounced over and over again Russia's drawing reparations from current production from her closed zone in violation of the Potsdam agreement. He saw in the Oder-Neisse frontier a provisional arrangement. Britain moreover did not share the United States' fanatic anti-cartel enthusiasm and her almost hysterical fear of excessive economic power. She would have preferred to keep the German banking system more or less intact, and regretted the wasteful breaking up of the Reichsbank. She was not directly responsible for the ill-mannered ruthlessness of American currency reformers, and their utter disregard for German

public opinion in enforcing their plans. They fought hard to secure for Germany the right to produce more than five million tons of steel. Nor had they really liked the staging of the Nuremberg trials by the United States. They condoned many things they disapproved of, for they could not afford to flout a partner, whose co-operation they needed. They never forgot Europe over the United Nations, and tried more or less consistently to be good Europeans.

II

Notwithstanding this excellent record, Britain to-day is the most unpopular of the western occupying powers. One reason for this unpopularity is rather flattering. No army of occupation and no military government can be genuinely popular ; but the British army of the Rhine after the 1914-1918 war was the exception to the rule. Its behaviour was above reproach ; its presence in Cologne during the Ruhr invasion kept open a door, and gave great moral support to the struggling people. Its task of course was very definitely a limited one. It was not, like its present day successor, the strong arm of an alien government, which was breaking up the social and political structure of a defeated country, according to a plan laid down by four governments holding more or less contradictory views. No body of administrators was ever asked to perform a more difficult feat than the Control Council—the *de facto* ruler of Germany established at Potsdam ; even if the four Allied governments who instructed it had seen eye to eye on matters of principle, zonal discrepancies would have been inevitable. The British may have foreseen these difficulties when they made a belated unsuccessful attempt to prevent the putting up of separate zonal administrations. They naturally claimed the zone nearest to them—the northern zone. The United States had originally asked for it. It comprised Germany's greatest industrial potential ; as the reduction, if not the destruction of this potential was the foremost aim of Allied policy, they assumed a heavier burden then their colleagues. From a purely administrative point of view, their work was quite successful ; the military government's monthly reports tell a very instructive tale. But it could not make them popular.

To a British lover of democracy the policy of teaching this by an army of occupation, and of spreading political morality arm in arm with Marshal Stalin, must have appeared almost incestuous. Yet the British started on their mission with great zest, especially after the 1945 election had put Labour in power. High-minded men and women entered the service of the military government, hoping that they would be given a chance of reforming Germany by turning her into a copy of that perfect socialist commonwealth, which to most

people's intense surprise, was suddenly blossoming forth in Great Britain. They were deeply disappointed. Many of their colleagues and some of the high-ups at home did not share their creative urges, and the German material was rather tough. Many Germans expected the British to behave as in 1918 ; they themselves were quite willing to forget Adolf Hitler and to greet the Allies as liberators. They were painfully surprised when their offers of gratitude were not appreciated. Discreditable incidents, which no occupation can avoid, seemed to show them that their victors' morals were not much above their own. "Such happenings we did look for from the French," they argued. " They have done so poorly in the war, that they naturally want to take it out of us after we are down. The Americans are individually kind fellows, but are not grown up ; like kids, they break things for the fun of breaking them. When they want girls, they talk of fraternization. But the British ought to behave differently, like the gentlemen of the old army of the Rhine."

In the Rhineland, the British occupy the most westernized part of Germany ; in Lower Saxony, Hamburg and Schleswig-Holstein, one meets types reminding one of East Anglia ; there are long standing connections with Britain—Hengest and Horsa came from near these parts. Yet there is not much friendly intercourse and little mutual understanding. Many military and civilian officials are personally popular. (Sir Brian Robertson's resignation was universally regretted.) The Germans recognize their good will, and fancy that they are not always enamoured of the instructions sent from home. But unlike the Americans, the British are not good mixers. The general whose birthday his German landlord wanted to celebrate, showed embarrassment ; he was merely shy. His hosts thought him arrogant. A destroyer was sent on a goodwill mission and the visit was a great success. The Lord Mayor of the neighbouring capital had accepted an invitation to be present and was awaiting a courtesy call from the Captain. " But the Captain cannot call upon you," he was told, "for there is still war," whereupon he prudently suggested that it might be wiser on his part to postpone his visit until peace was made.

Much more serious are the misunderstandings of British policy by German leaders. Men of the right see in it an attempt to foist Socialism on the Continent ; while those with socialist sympathies miss the glamour of idealist international Socialism, which Ramsay Macdonald specialized in. They forget that the records of Naziism to many people seem to verify the most exaggerated German atrocity stories told during the 1914-1918 war.

When political life was restarted in Germany, some efforts for co-operation were made. Following the Russian example, four parties, socialists, communists, Christian democratic unionist and

free democrats had been admitted. Parties were licensed by the Allies, who thus checked their numbers by what might be called political contraception. The socialist party seemed to be a favoured winner, at least in the British zone. Its record in Hitler's days had been good ; many of the leaders had either gone into exile or had been in concentration camps. Its plea for the nationalization of German coal and steel endeared it to the Labour government ; the latter kept in close contact with it during the meetings of the parliamentary council, which drafted the constitution. It backed the socialists' unitarian tendencies—for without a centralized government nationalization would be difficult—and it gave them valuable information. The anti-socialist parties naturally took umbrage and turned towards the United States and anti-socialist France. When the election to the New Federal parliament brought the Christian democrats into power, the British had lost a round, so to speak. German socialists moreover, to whom nationalization was not as novel a dodge as it was to their British friends, were not too enthusiastic about it. It did not seem logical to them to insist on the disintegration of the heavy industries, and at the same time to plan their concentration in the hands of the government.

III

Fierce anti-British feeling was roused by dismantling and removing non-armament plants, in order to reduce Germany's industrial war potential, to provide reparations and to give a start to the countries devastated by the Nazis. Most of these plants unfortunately were located in the British zone ; of 1,198 million tons, hitherto allocated for reparation, 989,000 tons have come from it. The Germans could not be made to believe that "security" was the main object of these removals. Security, they argued, depended on the armies of occupation. They took their stay for granted, and while they remained in the country nothing could happen, even if all mills were running at top speed. They saw in the removals a convenient method by which an easy-going rich rentier-minded nation could rid itself of hardworking competitors. The Foreign Office assured them that such considerations did not influence its policy. But President Roosevelt's explanation for accepting the Morgenthau plan—his wish that Britain should "inherit the Ruhr business"—was well known. Over and over again the Germans saw the Labour Government subordinating its foreign policy to "full employment"—at a time of actual over-employment ; why expect a different attitude from it in Germany ? The Berlin people had been willing to stop selling steel to eastern Germany as it might help Russia ; they were shocked when a British cargo arrived in an eastern German port with

steel for Czechoslovakia. German workers, faced with unprecedented structural unemployment, did not relish the condescending observations on their problems by visiting Labour representatives, who did not seem to grasp the simple fact that dismantling must deprive men of their jobs, and that they could not easily get others elsewhere.

The security argument collapsed when the United States, the originators of the dismantling policy, reversed it completely, and insisted on its being quickly brought to an end. Great Britain resisted in order to support France. For France was genuinely frightened of a defeated Germany's potential military strength. Her craving for security rather flattered Germany's wounded national pride ; it angered her, but it gave her an assurance that, in the long run, she could meet her as an equal, however heavy her temporary handicaps might be.

Security to the French comprehends gun-making as well as guns. They aspire to the industrial ascendancy of the Continent. Thirty years ago they had tried to wrest it from Germany through the coal clauses of the peace of Versailles and the invasion of the Ruhr; to-day they rely on dismantling, the Ruhr Authority and the economic annexation of the Saar. They, not the British, wanted to inherit the " Ruhr business ", or at least to dominate it. The British backed their claims, because they wanted a strong France, and as long as the spectre of German industrial ascendancy makes the French shake in their shoes, their country could not be strong. So Britain helped her to weaken the German rival, and offered herself as the scapegoat to German public opinion, expecting political not economic benefits for her sacrifice. But the French were exasperating. When the Anglo-American powers had settled their differences over the question of nationalization or private ownership of the German heavy industries by leaving the final decision to a German government, the French held up proceedings for a long time ; they disliked both alternatives.

IV

France showed little gratitude for Britain's aid. When the United States began to press for European federation, the French very cleverly switched round, and sought security in association in lieu of domination. They could not let western Germany fall a prey to Russia, and the only way to keep her on the side of the west was by integrating her in a European union. The Germans eagerly responded ; it would raise them from the position of an insufficiently protected protectorate to equality of status. They had frequently lamented the breaking apart of the Carolingian Holy Roman Empire (1,200 years ago) into German and French halves. These historical reminiscences appeared to the English masses as romantic vapourings,

even though Mr. Bevin had dallied with the concept of federation and Mr. Churchill had launched it as an ideological counterpart to Communism; for England had never been part of the Holy Roman Empire. The Labour party seemed to make its entry into a European community contingent on Europe's previous conversion to British Methodist Socialism ; a condition not easy to fulfil, especially as this pre-Raphaelite brand of Marxism is not greatly appreciated by continental socialists. They accused the British of being " bad Europeans ". Thus the aim of Britain's German policy—the resurrection of a stout-hearted France was being reached by a Franco-German *rapprochement*, but the British, so to speak, were being squeezed out. The Schuman plan is completing this process.

V

The Schuman plan was first mooted when an impending crisis threatened France's steel and coal ascendancy, for the coal and steel scarcity on which French policy in the Ruhr Authority was based, was giving way to redundancy. While Germany could easily dispose of her steel allocation at home, the French market was dwindling. France started the Schuman plan in a hurry in order to protect herself against the threat of a potential German industrial ascendancy. She cleverly dressed it up as a plan for a political reconciliation. The British had every right to resent the way in which the scheme had been launched ; they were justified in refusing to take a vague proposal for making a plan for an actual plan. But there was little profit in keeping away from discussing it, because national sovereignty might be involved. No country which lives by exports and imports can safely follow an independent " full employment" policy. In practice its sovereignty is extremely limited, provided it does not use it for protecting its interests by treaties with other nations. Such treaties always imply a voluntary check on the exercise of sovereignty. Full employment in Great Britain, not protected by such treaties, might be greatly threatened, were a continental steel trust in time of crisis to dump steel on the world market.

Britain's refusal to take part in the Schuman plans has delighted the by no means rare Anglophobes in France and Germany. What Napoleon and Adolf Hitler had failed to achieve, they say—a wholehearted union of France and Germany against Britain—the British themselves are bringing about. German socialists on the other hand complain that their British colleagues are helping to create a Europe dominated by the anti-socialist parties ; some even suggest that the men who inaugurated Franco-German co-operation had this goal in view all the time.

The pity of it all is, that the economic reasons which may have justified the speeding up of the Schuman plan a few months ago, are no longer valid ; once again steel and coal are getting scarce. In these hectic days, a little more flexibility on the part of the British might have easily brought about a political *rapprochement* of France and Germany without a scheme which does not pool hitherto separate national sovereignties in a new union, but hands over a large share of them to a handful of private people. Britain's co-operation in the Schuman discussions might easily have averted this. As it is, she has actually eliminated herself.

The United States of America and France were severally responsible for most of the troubles Britain had to face in carrying out a joint German policy. They have now exculpated themselves by an appeal to German popular imagination, the United States of America by the Marshall plan three years ago, and France now by the Schuman plan. Britain's policy has been pedestrian. The same drabness which dulls the domestic scene has made her lose her leading position in Germany, to which her political concepts entitled her. She now has a chance to retrieve it. She is no longer weighed down by her responsibilities to France, and not any more tied to an Allies' policy, which boldly aims at creating confidence and timidly keeps suspicion alive. The High Commissioner's latest utterances breathe a new spirit. It may not be too late for Britain to take the lead in transforming the Occupation Statute into a treaty for reciprocal protection.

(*Dr. Bonn was adviser on reparations and currency to German Governments and the Reichsbank after the* 1914-1918 *war; he has just returned to England from a visit to his former country.*)

BOLIVIA

By N. P. Macdonald

HIGH in the Andes, with three-fifths of her territory above what in Europe would be the snow-line, lies the Republic of Bolivia. The outside world knows little of this Tibet of the Western Hemisphere except, perhaps, that it is an important source of tin. Yet to-day Bolivia has a new significance ; for of all the 20 Latin American states she provides the most suitable soil for the growth of Communism in the New World.

It used to be said, in the light of communist concentration in Western Europe in mainly urban areas, that the risk of Communism was greatest in industrialized regions. But Russia was not an industrial country when she was overtaken by Communism, and recent events in South-East Asia have again shown the facility with which Communism can take advantage of poverty and ignorance to inflame nationalist resentment against so-called foreign political and economic domination. Bolivia, no more industrial than Malaya or Indo-China, provides a similar foundation for communist disruption in the Americas. Nothing could be more attractive to the Kremlin than a country of which a United Nations technical mission last April reported its despair at the prevailing mismanagement, disunity, complacency and ignorant indifference, and declared that the country was bankrupt and would soon be unable to feed its inhabitants, with a consequent risk of civil war which might threaten the peace of the Americas.

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To understand how Bolivia can be so afflicted it is necessary to consider the background to her present discontents. In the first place the country is divided geographically into three distinct regions There is the Andean plateau—the *Altiplano*—which lies 12,000 feet above sea-level. Fertile in the north it is little more than a barren wilderness in the south. The Indian population lives either in that part of the plateau known as the *Puña*, or in the *Puña Brava*, a treeless waste between the plateau and the snow-line where nothing grows but barley, potatoes and coarse grass. The second region is formed by the fertile *yungas* or valleys, at a height of between 2,500

and 5,000 feet. Here wheat and maize are grown, and, as the altitude decreases, these crops give way to cocoa, coffee, rice, tobacco and cotton. Finally come the tropical plains in the north-east and east of Bolivia, a region which includes the Chaco, that bone of contention between the Bolivians and their Paraguayan neighbours.

This geographical division of Bolivia is paralleled by the different types of inhabitants. No census has been taken for fifty years, but the population of the country is officially estimated at 3,800,000. Of this total just under half a million are classified as whites, of which a few families form the aristocracy. The white element occupies itself almost entirely with politics, the law, and as soldiers and land-owners, disdaining to engage in commerce. Their numbers increase slowly, and more and more their supremacy is being challenged by the second group in the population, those of mixed white and Indian descent, or *cholos* as they are known in Bolivia.

The *cholos* outnumber the whites by two to one, and although often described as ignorant, unprogressive, cruel and intemperate, they have gained for themselves a strong place in the economy of the country. During the last century more and more of the land formerly owned by Indians has passed into the hands of the *cholos*, sometimes bought but more often acquired by " other means ".

Yet despite the loss of much of their land the Indians remain the most significant element in the population of Bolivia. Their number is estimated at 1,800,000, and they thus outnumber the whites and the *cholos* combined. The Indians have for long suffered at the hands of foreign invaders. First came the Incas, who imposed their rule and the Quechua language on the original Aymara Indian inhabitants of Bolivia. Then came the Spaniards, who speedily utilized the Indians as slave-workers in the silver mines of Potosi, where records show that the gold and silver mined there under Spanish rule reached the value of £120,000,000.

Nor did the disappearance of the Spanish Empire bring any improvement in the Indians' lot. It was laid down in the first Bolivian constitution that every slave who stepped on Bolivian soil automatically became free. But that did not apply to the Indian slaves in the Bolivian mines ; they were still exploited, for a time on the land following the decline of silver mining, later in the mines once more, although this time the mineral was tin. Concurrently the Indians were being dispossessed of their land by the *cholos*. Often they have been forced to buy back land which had been theirs before the Inca conquest ; in some instances the same land is known to have been bought back, at great sacrifice, several times in one Indian's lifetime.

This dispossession has driven the Indians to the naturally poor soil just below the snow-line. In official statistics this land is

described as agricultural, but it is so thin and stony that it must often be left to lie fallow for ten years after one planting. Yet to the Indians even such worthless land is precious ; they are not willing to tempt fate by returning to the lower regions where once they lived, preferring to till the soil of the *Altiplano* under very primitive conditions so long as it can provide for their meagre needs.

There are thus, in effect, three Bolivias, and three different types of population. These divisions have a centrifugal influence on the political and economic life of the country. The inhabitants of the *Altiplano* have little in common with their nominal compatriots in the tropical lowlands, just as the white element of the population is reluctant to admit the *cholos* to greater influence in national affairs, while the *cholos*, many of them petty officials, but mostly uneducated, do their best to suppress the Indians.

Given these geographical divisions, poorly bridged by modern communications, and these conflicting interests among the people, the administration of Bolivia is not easy. A government, itself a prey to regional and racial rivalries, is seldom able to maintain its authority over the whole country for very long. Any part of the country can revolt against the capital and be assured of ample time for consolidation before it is possible for troops to be sent to deal with the rebellion. In the 74 years between 1824, when Bolivia gained her independence, and 1898 there were no fewer than 60 revolutions, in the course of which six presidents were assassinated. In the last five years there have been 11 attempted or successful uprisings, of which that in July 1946, when President Villaroel and some of his supporters were lynched, was the most savage.

But these disturbances in Bolivia are no longer mere palace revolutions. To-day they are the reflection of tensions whose roots are to be found in the lack of balance in Bolivia's economy. Whispers have come down the years of the treasure of Atalhuapa, last of the Incas, which was buried in Peru to save it from the Spaniards ; of the gold and jewels hidden by the Spaniards themselves during the War of Liberation. But for all these fabled riches nine-tenths of the population live in poverty, and their misery is directly traceable to the main source of Bolivia's national wealth—tin. For years the rulers of the country were content to foster tin-mining at the expense of wider economic development. The tax levied on every ton of tin exported was an easy source of revenue, and those exports a trouble-free means of obtaining foreign exchange. Even to-day the tin export tax accounts for half the Bolivian Government's revenue, while tin itself represents between 80 and 90 per cent. of the total value of Bolivia's exports.

This dependence on tin has been disastrous. One effect of it has been to intensify the already existing divisions in the country. Tin

is mined on the *Altiplano* and exported almost entirely westwards through Chilean and Peruvian ports. Consequently the inhabitants of the rest of Bolivia have little interest in their country's staple export. The concentration of official Bolivian attention on tin has also led to the neglect of agriculture. It has been estimated that nine-tenths of the Bolivian population depend for their livelihood on agriculture. But owing to the primitive state of development in the more fertile parts of the country, and a lack of proper communications, Bolivia is far from being able to feed herself. Instead, she must import much of the food she needs, especially wheat, sugar and rice.

The same is true of manufactured goods. Bolivia has some infant industries which produce, among other things, flour, textiles, cement, leather goods, and some clothing and furniture. But the total value of the country's industrial output in 1939 was only £2,000,000. And, as in the case of tin-mining, the relatively few factories in the country are all concentrated on the *Altiplano*. Industrial development has been hampered by a lack of cheap fuel, raw materials, transport and skilled labour. Bolivia's factories thus find it difficult to compete in price or quality with manufactures from abroad, which represent two-thirds of the country's imports.

Thanks, therefore, to the neglect of her agricultural and industrial development in favour of tin-mining, Bolivia depends on foreign sources for much of her food and most of her manufactured imports. And those imports, too, depend on tin ; they must be bought with foreign exchange earned almost exclusively from tin. This means that Bolivian economy is dependent on production being maintained in the tin mines and prices remaining stable in the world tin market.

In the mines production is increasingly becoming affected by discontent among the 60,000 miners, many of them Indians. As for the world tin market, any variation in prices has immediate repercussions in Bolivia. A fall in the price of tin means less foreign exchange for the Bolivian Government ; which, in turn, means less food and fewer manufactured goods for the Bolivian people. Even so not all foreign exchange earned by tin exports returns to Bolivia. The tin mines are owned and controlled by foreign interests which have retained sometimes forty per cent. of the foreign currency they earn outside Bolivia. This is one reason why, despite an apparently large favourable trade balance in the immediate pre-war period, Bolivia had constant difficulty in finding enough foreign exchange to pay for her essential imports.

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Such, then, are the roots of Bolivia's discontents : internal geographical divisions unlinked by adequate communications, and racial differences unbridged by any real common interest in the

well-being of the country ; and an almost complete dependence on tin production, to the exclusion of other economic development. This situation is inevitably reflected in social conditions. The majority of the population lives under great hardship, with ceaseless toil and small reward. A joint United States-Bolivian Commission reported in 1943 that legal minimum wage rates were " notoriously insufficient to maintain a healthy and decent standard of living," and recommended shorter hours and social security benefits.

Illiteracy is widespread. In theory education is free and compulsory for all between the ages of seven and fourteen ; and all illiterates are supposed to go to school. But in practice only about one-third of the children of primary school age receive any instruction.

Yet, just as this life of bare subsistence for the mass of the population of Bolivia is the result of the preponderance of tin-mining in the national economy, so is even that minimum threatened by tin. Bolivian tin production costs have always been high, largely because of the long rail haul from the mines to the Pacific ports ; and already tin from Bolivia has had difficulty in competing with Malayan and East Indian tin on a purely price basis. Now production costs are rising while the quality of the ore is falling. Bolivia's known reserves of tin have been calculated at some 500,000 tons—about 12 years' supply at the present annual rate of output. Thus Bolivia faces the prospect, not only of increasing competition from better quality tin produced at a lower cost, but also the disappearance of the present foundations of her economic existence in little more than a decade, unless new discoveries are made.

Successive Bolivian governments have recognized the danger of depending on the vagaries of the world tin market, and from time to time plans have been made to develop Bolivia's other natural resources. The most comprehensive of these schemes was drawn up by a United States economic mission in 1941-1942. These specialists in agriculture soon recognized Bolivia's two basic needs, a development of agricultural production to ensure a greater degree of self-sufficiency in food supplies, and better internal communications. It has been estimated that in the four year period 1936-1940 Bolivia could have found at home more than one-third of all her imports, producing for herself oil and cereals which she imported from Peru and Argentina instead. But, as the mission realized, it was useless to provide the farmers with the means of increasing their output unless they could also be assured of getting their crops to market. Bolivia is reasonably well provided with air transport ; but there are only about 2,000 miles of railways in the whole country, while great stretches of the 6,000 miles of roads are often unusable in the wet season, many of the roads being in any case little more than bridle paths. Thus transport between the Amazon basin and La Paz, the

capital, has depended almost entirely on pack animals, of which it has often been possible to count as many as 1,500 at any one point on the trail in a single day.

An $88,000,000 programme intended to increase agricultural output and to improve communications was therefore drawn up, and its execution was entrusted to the Bolivian Development Corporation, a joint United States-Bolivian body financed about equally by both countries. At the same time the Bolivian Government made agreements with Brazil and Argentina to extend already existing railways in eastern Bolivia to connect with the Brazilian and Argentine systems. Brazil agreed to grant Bolivia a free zone in the port of Santos when direct rail access became possible, but a Bolivian proposal that Chile should consider either handing back one of the two ports of Antofagasta or Arica, which she had taken from Bolivia in 1883, or that she should grant the Bolivians a free zone in one or other of these harbours, was frostily rejected by Santiago.

Had these plans been consistently carried out, Bolivia would by now be within sight of independence of imported wheat and half-way to a complete readjustment of her entire national economy. But progress has been slow and uneven and, combined with a devaluation of the Bolivian currency last year, which has been reflected in rising living costs, this has led to widespread discontent which, in turn, has resulted in disturbances which have still further hampered fulfilment of these schemes.

The main source of dissatisfaction has been the 60,000 miners, most of them Indians or *cholos*. They work in conditions little better than did their forefathers for the Spaniards in the silver mines. Poor food bought at high prices at company shops, low pay and wretched living conditions sharply limit their expectancy of life. They work at altitudes between 10,000 and 14,000 feet, and their homes are forlorn, over-crowded unhygienic hovels. Every year between eight and ten per cent. of the miners become permanently incapacitated by occupational diseases. Proposals for higher wages and better living conditions have been countered by the mine-owners with the argument that higher wages would only injure the national economy because they would raise production costs to an extent which would compromise still further the already declining competitive power of Bolivian tin in the world market.

The miners thus provide ideal targets for political agitators who have spared no effort to arouse a fanatical nationalism among them. Foreigners, they are told, are to blame for their miseries. Foreigners deprived Bolivia of her Pacific ports, and left her dependent on her neighbours for contact with the outside world. Foreigners own the mines and dictate the prices at which Bolivia's tin is sold, and so command the amount and cost of her imports of food and manu-

factured goods ; and even those are distributed and sold within Bolivia by foreign interests which also own public utilities throughout the country. It is foreigners, too, who have hitherto obstructed development of the country because it would have brought an end to their hold on Bolivia through their control of tin. And now the Americans only want to develop Bolivia because, realizing that the tin era is coming to an end, they want to create a new means of controlling Bolivia and of providing themselves with markets.

This is familiar propaganda ; it is the way the communists are talking in South-east Asia. It is uncertain to what extent communists are responsible for inflaming the miners of Bolivia ; last March the Bolivian Government claimed to have broken up a communist plot, directed by three Cominform agents, a Russian and two Frenchmen. But it is certain that the miners have become more and more truculent. They have been behind all of the 11 disturbances that have broken out in Bolivia since 1945, and last May, in concert with factory and railway workers, they struck in support of a demand of a 60 per cent. rise in pay. Trade union development is at a very primitive stage in Bolivia, and the workers thus support any political group, whatever its political colour, which promises them the best future.

In this the party of the late President Villaroel has been the most successful. Known as the *Movimiento Nacional Revolucionaria*—M.N.R.—it has provided the miners and other malcontents with a mouthpiece in all the troubles of recent years, continually harassing the Government, which is based on the Republican Socialist Union, a party of the centre. The M.N.R. has overcome the discredit which enveloped it when Villaroel was assassinated in 1946 and now poses as champion of the workers, promises of higher wages and attacks against American technicians in Bolivia being two of the main planks in its platform, which it now shares, by mutual agreement, with the communists. The Government, faced with these unscrupulous opponents, has lost ground through its reluctance to abandon a policy of moderation.

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What, then, is Bolivia's future to be ? The United Nations mission which concluded last April that the country was on the verge of bankruptcy has since reported that Bolivia's resources can provide considerably improved conditions for her inhabitants if they are developed in an organized way over the next ten years. It is known, for instance, that tin deposits exist which have not so far been worked and that potential resources of hydro-electric power could provide twenty times present consumption. In a statement to Mr. Trygve Lie the mission has declared that Bolivia could herself provide most of

the capital that would be needed, if companies engaged there could be persuaded to invest more of their profits in the country.

There are, however, three obstacles to any successful development in Bolivia. One is the apathy of the Indians, other than the miners ; they show no real ambition to improve their standard of life, being content to scratch a living from the soil sufficient to meet their simple needs. Then there is the lack of labour. Bolivia, with an area greater than that of France and Spain combined, is under-populated—yet thousands of Bolivians have found better working conditions in neighbouring Argentina. A considerable flow of immigrants is essential if Bolivia is to profit fully from her natural resources ; yet present conditions in the country do not make it attractive to settlers. But the most important obstacle to any rapid development of the country is represented by those who most wish for an improvement in their lot—the Bolivian workers. The United Nations mission has pointed out that any attempt to better conditions without foreign technical if not financial aid will take a century. Yet the workers are becoming more and more resentful of foreign influence of any kind.

It is thus impossible to give any definitive answer to the question : what of Bolivia's future ? All that can be said with any certainty is that with the disappearance of the tin deposits now being mined some fundamental economic changes cannot be long delayed. If the Bolivian workers can be persuaded that their best chance of improving their conditions lies in their acceptance of the foreign help advocated in the United Nations report, then those changes may well be rapid and peaceful. But if persuasion fails they will almost certainly be neither.

THE CULT OF THE COMMONWEALTH

II. FROM CIVES BRITANNICI TO FIDELES BRITANNICI

By J. H. Huizinga

IN the preceding article* it was explained why the British glorification of the Commonwealth seems to the outsider strongly reminiscent of Andersen's fairy tale about the Emperor's subjects who went into such raptures over their sovereign's magnificent but non-existent new clothes. What a wonderful structure, the British crowd exclaims in frenzied admiration, what a splendid crown, what ingenious machinery, what an incomparable constitutional organic whole, what enormous power, what a model for a world State ! And even those who would be prepared to admit that the emperor is really only dressed in a shirt do not find that admission in any way damping since according to them any lack of fine constitutional clothes is fully compensated by the stout heart that beats under his négligé. They simply change the words and exclaim with as much enthusiasm as before ; but what magnificent moral unity, what marvellous positive ideals, what a unique international democracy ; " the best missionary enterprise that had been launched for a thousand years . . . a mission to mankind of good will, good government and human co-operation, a mission of freedom and human helpfulness (whose) contribution in human qualities of balance and moderation, good sense , good humour and fair play, moral purpose and outlook is of a very special character " (Field-Marshal Smuts) and whose moral unity, "like the mysterious electric waves which science has still but partly mastered, is a solid and incontrovertible fact without which civilization . . would not have survived " (Altrincham).

If the foreigner loves his English friends, he will let it go at that while keeping his opinion to himself that this moral unity which up to now has manifested itself largely, though admittedly not exclusively, in the spontaneous succour of the threatened motherland by Commonwealth subjects of British descent, is rather a normal consequence of the fact that John Bull, in his days of glory, succeeded in reproducing his flesh, blood and the spirit that goes with it on three different continents.

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An Australian writer, Professor Hancock, one of the few British

* I: " Myth or Reality ", The Fortnightly, October, 1950.

heretics whom I have come across, explains the cult at least partly as the national inclination to idealize all things English. After having quoted Lord Balfour's paeans of praise on the theme of " the extraordinary novelty, the extraordinary greatness and the extraordinary success . . of this unique experiment in human co-operation," he observes that " the prevailing mood was that of God's Englishmen to whom a precious and peculiar revelation had been vouchsafed." But while this tendency towards national self-admiration may account for the excesses of the cult I would suggest that its origins are to be looked for rather in a spiritual process very similar to that which underlies the religious beliefs of the vast majority of mankind. Just as man constructs a mystique in order to escape from the unbearable recognition of his own mortality so the Briton has constructed the intangible world of the Commonwealth so as to evade recognition of the painful truth : " *sic transit gloria imperii.*" No better proof of this essentially mystical character of the cult than the fact that the worshippers have equipped themselves not only with a dogma, the reality of the " octinity ", but also with those two indispensable extensions of any religious system, a teleology and a mythology.

Illustrations have already been given of the widely held belief that the Commonwealth is destined to serve as the pattern and even " the nucleus of a world order", a view which few outside the ranks of the *Fideles Britannici* would be able to share. In the same way the foreign infidel will not find it easy to accept the mythological version of history which the faithful have created for themselves in order to justify their belief that their empire has not gone the way of all empires. Where we see the Commonwealth as the outcome of a process of dissolution, the British themselves insist on viewing it as " the outcome of a process of growth . . . a new political entity come into being to meet the needs of a new age " (Sir Alfred Zimmern), " a great achievement of statesmanship " (H. V. Hodson) or, to quote the Government publication "Origins and purposes of the British Commonwealth ", " an edifice that is still building." When we read in the Balfour Declaration that " a foreigner endeavouring to understand the true character of the British Empire . . would be tempted to think that it was devised rather to make mutual interference impossible than to make mutual co-operation easy," our reading of history would incline us to the whole-hearted affirmation : you've said it.

For anyone who is familiar with the historical facts, to say nothing of contemporary history in Asia and Ireland, must surely recognize that the dissolution of Britain's former empire into an old boys' association has come about under the pressure of the same centrifugal forces of nationalism which have already caused the fall of so many earlier empires. When one recognizes, moreover, that the former imperial

ruler who in 1926 could still maintain that the sovereignty of the Dominions did not go so far as to include the right to secession or neutrality, has now been forced under South African and Asiatic pressure to concede even these two cardinal points, then it becomes even more difficult to view the evolution of the Empire into the Commonwealth as a constructive development. Yet, that is exactly how the British do insist on seeing it; at least partly, I suggest, because they cannot bring themselves to admit that there is little left of their former world power but what Macaulay once called " the imperishable Empire of our arts, our morals, our literature and our laws." That simply is not enough. Their understandable national pride, fed on a century of truly phenomenal success, compels them to persuade themselves at all costs that this once all-powerful Empire has not gone the way of the Roman Imperium, that it has not disintegrated but has been transformed, thanks to the Briton's " unique political genius", into a new sort of empire such as has never yet been seen, a highly mysterious institution " inexplicable in bygone terms" and "bearing no real resemblance to any other political organization which now exists or has ever been tried."

It is to maintain this rosy, comforting belief that they have created a mythology capable of accounting for the miraculous transformation. It is for this reason, too, that they make a virtue of all such shortcomings of their deity as are difficult to reconcile with the dogma of the " octinity ". Thus the absence of a written as well as an unwritten constitution and of any central government organs, which is due, of course, to the insistence of the Dominions on absolute freedom of action, is glorified as a proof of typical British subtlety very superior to that formalism of the naïve foreigner who believes that a club needs an executive committee and a statute to be able to function as a club at all. More than that, the Britisher will argue that it is just because of this lack of any organic structure that his " octinity " is able to manifest itself as a political entity. Thus, again, the fact that the members of the club do not have a common foreign, defence or economic policy and " indeed do not aspire to one " or, as the same writer has put it elsewhere, that " their aim is not a common policy but a common purpose " is hailed as a sign of " great and growing intimacy among the member States." Thus finally their insistence on the unrestricted exercise of their national sovereignty, which, of course, is the real explanation for the absence of a common policy, and their consequent refusal to contemplate the setting up of any federal institutions, is welcomed as proof that "they have realized instinctively . . . that the nation-State is the largest political unit . . . within which true democracy can function." (Altrincham)

In short, not only the clothes which the Emperor is not wearing are praised but also the very visible holes in his shirt. And that all

this may indeed be fairly described as a conscious or unconscious rationalization of unpalatable realities can be demonstrated by reference to a single historical fact. As the official publication "Origins and Purposes of the British Commonwealth" tells us, British statesmen originally hoped that their colonial wards would not cut adrift from the mother country when they had come to political maturity but would enjoy their newly-won liberties as self-governing peoples within the framework of an imperial federation. Plans for such federation flourished in one form or another from the 1880's until 1914 and it was only when they had to be abandoned because of the colonies' determination to demand the full pound of sovereign flesh that the British, masters in the art of putting a good face on a bad job, discovered the mystical glories of having no framework at all. In the same way do they make a virtue out of necessity when the absence of any functional integration is hailed as a sign of "growing intimacy" between the members of the Commonwealth. For it is only five years ago that Lord Halifax, then ambassador in Washington, made a famous or, rather, notorious speech in which he suggested that it was high time to start thinking about just such measures of integration. And if that kite was promptly shot out of the sky, the Dominion statesmen did so, not, of course, due to any belief in the mystical proposition that the best way to achieve a common purpose is to eschew a common policy, but simply because of their historical fear of becoming tied to Britain's all too familiar apron-strings.

But the most striking example of British mastery in the art of making "*bonne mine á mauvais jeu*" is to be found in the rest of this paragraph. During several decades the Imperial Government have moved heaven and earth to win over the Indian politicians to their belief in the blessings of the federal principle; if only the Hindus and Muslims would come to terms about a federal constitution they would immediately be given their independence. Yet now that nationalism has once again proved too strong we are told that the Commonwealth has turned out to be such a wonderful "octinity" because its members have succeeded in avoiding the pitfalls of federalism and have "realized instinctively that true democracy can only function within the framework of the nation-State."

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The upshot of all this would seem to be that the Commonwealth is really nothing but a gigantic fraud. Yet that is certainly not the impression with which this writer would like to leave the reader. It is easy to demonstrate that the British Salome, whom many of her admirers habitually dress up in seven veils of mysticism and mythology until she comes to look like the Gorgeous Gussie of their

heart's desire, in actual fact appears to have neither flesh nor bones under these garments. But this is not necessarily to say that the ethereal body could not harbour a very lively spirit. And it is the spirit that counts, the spirit which in 1939 made Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa act in such a way that the Commonwealth suddenly showed itself to be very much of a political reality indeed. That is not mysticism or mythology, that is history.

Owing to the very existence of the myth the Commonwealth, as Hitler learned overnight, became vastly more than a myth. In peacetime the *Fideles Britannici*, which is all that is left of the former *Cives Britannici*, had no more practised what they preached than the worshippers of any other deity are normally wont to do. Though dutifully observing the rites of the cult, they had honoured the dogma of the " octinity " more in the breach than in the observance. Yet in the hour of need they proved that, while having shown themselves unable to live according to their faith, they were able and willing to die for it. And it is this revelation that the spirit can become flesh, or, as Mr. Churchill has said, that " the bonds of the spirit can rise superior alike to the most tempting allurements of surrender and the harshest threats of doom," which enabled him to claim proudly that the British Empire does not need to be tied together with " bits of string."

Hence the Briton's contemptuous impatience with what he considers the foreigner's misguided passion for constitutional parchments and paper commitments. He is not at all put out of countenance when you prove to him that, because of the absence of any such bits of paper and string, his beloved Commonwealth is nothing but a constitutional myth. His reply is that, when all is said and done, every political entity, however closely knit, is essentially a myth and only able to manifest itself as a reality by virtue of the believers' willingness to live up to their myth. He will maintain that it is the strength of their belief which matters and not whether they have chosen to inscribe it on tablets of stone or merely to carry it in their hearts. He will claim finally that it is owing to his very willingness to dispense with such encumbrances and instead to rely on faith alone that he has succeeded, with inestimable benefits to the cause of the free world as a whole, in coaxing the virulent new nationalisms of Asia into the magic circle of the *Fideles Britannici*. And though it is too early to say whether these new and dark-skinned members of the circle will show themselves as steady in the faith as their fellow members of British descent and thus enable the myth once again to manifest itself as a political reality, it must be admitted that historical fact so far is on the side of the faithful and that the unbeliever and the debunker can only be proved right by the future.

CEYLON AND THE COMMONWEALTH

By Sir William P. Barton

CEYLON, the smallest of the dominions of the British Commonwealth, has the distinction of being a thousand years or more older in culture, and in historical background, than most of the other member States. With an area of 25,000 square miles, she has a population of between seven and eight millions. Of the latter nearly 5,000,000 are Singhalese, mostly Buddhists ; there are over a million Tamils (Hindu Dravidians from Madras) ; 400,000 Muslims (known as Moors); 36,000 Eurasians or Burghers; 600,000 Christians and about 5,000 Europeans.

Geologically the island is a fragment split off from the Indian sub-continent. Yet since the dawn of history it has never been a satellite of any of the great empires that have, from time to time, dominated India. Its immunity is doubtless to be explained partly by the failure of any of the Indian empires to absorb the south, partly by the fact that Ceylon had no strategic value from the point of view of sea power until the British, French, Portuguese and Dutch fought each other for the command of the Indian Ocean. The Portuguese were the first European power to dominate Ceylon ; they were ousted by the Dutch who gave way to the British at the close of the eighteenth century and by 1815, the latter had absorbed the whole country.

A mountain backbone divides Ceylon into two well-defined zones, the wet and the dry. The former receives the full force of the south west monsoon which, because of the mountain barrier, fails to reach the eastern side of the island. The term " dry " applied to that area seems hardly appropriate since the north-east monsoon brings a rainfall of over 60 inches. It is, however, badly distributed—most of it falls in the late autumn—and to utilize it storage is essential. A thousand years or more ago the dry zone was thickly populated ; there were flourishing towns and villages, great artificial lakes and canal systems, which brought most of the land under cultivation. In those times the island was self-supporting in food. Now two-thirds of this has to be imported. Why the food supply is inadequate to-day is not explained by an increase in the population. The reason is that most of the once fertile land in the eastern zone is now swamp and jungle, infested with the malarial mosquito and so denied

to agriculture. How this came about is not altogether clear. Internecine warfare—there were seven small principalities in the island when the Portuguese invaded it in the early sixteenth century—and constant raids from southern India, upset village life. Malaria did the rest.

On the west side of the island extensive plantation industries requiring heavy rainfall have been developed in the last century or thereabouts, tea, rubber and coconut. Coffee was extensively grown until, in the 'eighties of last century, the bushes were attacked and practically destroyed by the borer insect. British planters tore up the bushes and substituted tea which has been, and is, the mainstay of the economic life of Ceylon. There is no coal or oil, no minerals of any consequence, no large-scale industries organized on modern lines. In point of fact the island depends mainly on rubber and tea to supply the exchange necessary to buy its food and most of its imports from abroad. The plantations absorb most of the available land on the western side. Barely 1,500,000-2,000,000 acres are available in the island for growing food.

For a hundred years the administration was of the Crown colony pattern with a Governor assisted by executive and legislative councils; in 1931 the colonial stage gave place to semi-political independence, and the new constitution framed by the Donoughmore Commission was based practically on universal suffrage. There were no communal electorates ; the members of the legislature, known as the State Council, elected seven committees, each in charge of a department of State, and each elected its chairman who, *ex officio*, became a member of the Board of Ministers. The committees were generally responsible for the administration of their respective departments. There was no question of political parties and each elected member in one or the other committees played his part in the administration. Finance and control of the services were reserve powers to be used in an emergency vested in the Governor.

The Donoughmore constitution was not regarded as ideal by Singhalese politicians but they worked it, and it undoubtedly gave them valuable experience in self-government and administration generally. It remained in force for 15 years and stood the test of the war during which the reserve powers of the Governor were never used ; the Ministry took a share of the unpopularity of urgent war measures. Later, in response to the popular demand for responsible government a new constitution was evolved known as the Soulbury constitution which conferred parliamentary government on the British model, with the exception of defence and foreign affairs. The electoral system of the Donoughmore constitution was retained. There is a second chamber or senate of more mature composition than the lower house but vested only with delaying powers. This was in

1946. Two years later, on the promotion of the island to full Dominion status, the reservations were cancelled.

The country put a strong Union Government into power, headed by Mr. Sennanayake, an elder statesman of proved ability and universally popular. The dominant element in the Ministry is Singhalese but an Indian Tamil representing the strongest non-Union party has been given office. An outstanding advantage which Ceylon has, as compared with India and Pakistan, is that she has no communal troubles ; the dominant element, the Singhalese Buddhist, is tolerant and its relations with the minorities friendly. A group among the Tamils, however, urged by members of the Indian Congress, has put forward demands for citizenship rights on a basis the Singhalese were reluctant to consider. Some support has been given to the movement by the Indian Government. The trouble is not serious and it is believed that a compromise will be effected shortly.

The Singhalese Parliament has started on its career with a leftist opposition, mainly of communist complexion. This, however, is not so disturbing as it might appear at first sight. The communist group is weak in numbers and split up into two parties, the Stalinist and Trotskyist : the most prominent leader is a brilliant young Burgher, who was President of the Union at Cambridge. The island is not really infected with Communism. It is confined principally to Colombo and other towns recruited, for the most part, from a handful of the intelligentsia and students. The trouble is largely a question of unemployment, a matter which the Government has in hand.

Mr. Sennanayake and his colleagues place economic development in the forefront of their policy and in this they have the country behind them. They realize that the first essential is to stimulate the production of food, and, at the same time, to make sure that a correct balance is preserved between mechanized industry in the towns and the countryside. A six-year plan of economic development has been elaborated which includes a scheme for clearing the land invaded by the forest in the dry zone, estimated to cover between two and three million acres. Several million sterling are to be spent on setting up various industries, cement, ply wood, aluminium, steel, paper, textiles, sugar. Most of these would be started on a small scale. It is hoped to produce enough cotton, as land becomes available, to meet the demand for textiles for the whole population.

The first requisite for industrial development is power. In the absence of coal and oil, it is proposed to develop electrical power on a large scale by utilizing the water resources of the island, which offer almost endless possibilities. Already a big scheme of the kind is approaching completion and it is expected that 25,000 K.W. will be brought into Colombo before the end of the year. Ultimately the scheme, known as the Laxapana project, will develop nearly a hundred

thousand K.W. With this and other projects it is planned to set up an electric grid over the whole island, current to be made available for large scale industry, for the plantations—these require about 50,000 K.W.—for agriculture, for example tube wells, and for cottage industries, to raise the standard of living in the countryside.

The success or otherwise of the development policy of the Ceylon Government depends largely on its financial position. Fortunately for Ceylon, the war has left no deep scars on her economic life. It is true that the practice of the Imperial Government of financing the purchase of plantation produce during the war period, by the issue of currency against the sterling credits in London, brought on inflation, which still subsists. As against this, Ceylon has substantial balances to her credit in London, while public finance is on a sound basis. Thus public debt is barely equal to a year's revenue, and in contrast with India and Pakistan, less than two per cent. of the revenue is spent on defence. Recent budgets average about £39,000,000 sterling, nearly 90 per cent. of which is derived from tea, rubber and coconut industries. Social services, education, public health and welfare, food subsidies, absorb about £17,000,000 of the annual revenue. Imported food costs the island about £30,000,000 a year, towards which the Government contribute £8,000,000 in subsidy. The average income, about £20 a head, is the highest in south-east Asia, and next to that of Japan, in Asia generally.

The Government has apparently not yet decided on its policy of financing its big development projects. A comparatively small sum, £4,000,000 sterling, has been provided for capital expenditure in its recent budgets ; the rest of what was required, about £5,000,000 being met by loan, an arrangement apparently adequate for the works actually in hand. These include the Laxapana hydro-electric scheme, already referred to, the Gal Oya multi-purpose project, and work on a comparatively small scale for clearing the forest for cultivation. It would appear that so far no comprehensive plans have been drawn up for handling on a large scale the tremendous enterprise of winning back for the public benefit the once opulent cities and countryside of a vanished age. Malaria was, till recently, an almost insuperable impediment to the pioneer. D.D.T. has now overcome the menace.

The whole of the Commonwealth is interested in the stability of the island's economy ; they should face the difficulties together. Alone, Ceylon, might take ten or 20 years to see the thing through. The six-year plan, it should be noted, only provides for the clearance of 131,000 acres in that period, an almost negligible achievement. The Gal Oya project, it is true, will irrigate 120,000 acres and incidentally produce electric power. It is to cost several millions sterling. An American firm is carrying it out on a cost plus basis under certain conditions. But even when water is available in two years' time or

so, the combined area made ready for cultivation by the two projects —about a quarter of a million acres—will be barely a tenth of what is required. Ceylon has neither the technical personnel nor the resources to bring this big work to an early conclusion. Hundreds of engineers of all branches of the profession, hundreds of technicians will be necessary, also machinery of the latest type, bulldozers and tractors for example. Some of the more solid masonry in dams, reservoirs and other buildings has survived but hundreds of miles of roads and canals and thousands of houses will have to be built. Masses of timber will have to be removed though much will be used for building. Labour may be a difficulty ; most of it will have to be imported from South India. That is a matter on which India is sensitive ; an arrangement should, however, be possible. Given the necessary finance and the supply on an adequate scale of the technical and material assistance the scheme demands, it might be possible to see it finished in three or four years' time.

Ceylon had immense strategical importance in the last war, especially after Singapore had fallen. It is equally important now, not only from a military point of view, but as an outpost against Communism, both in south-east Asia and Indonesia. To fulfil the rôle she must be self-reliant and self-supporting. In world conditions to-day, delay is dangerous, which is all the more reason why the Commonwealth should come forward with offers of help. Should a third war intervene before Ceylon solves her food problems the result might be disastrous. And even if peace is maintained, depending as she does on precarious world markets for the sale of her tea and rubber, a slump, or over-production of tea in Java or elsewhere, might lead to economic collapse. " We are upsetting the whole of our economy to produce food at any cost," Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, Ceylon's High Commissioner in Britain told a London audience a short time ago. " Our political future ", he went on to say, " is based on our belief in the greatness of England and the Commonwealth and the great concept of Commonwealth solidarity." Is it too much to hope that the Commonwealth will do its utmost to convince Ceylon that her belief is not unfounded and will come forward with all the assistance in its power to overcome the difficulties which obsess her ? There could be no better retort to the indictment of oppressive colonialism that Asiatic countries and some groups in the U.S.A., to say nothing of Soviet Russia, are constantly levelling at Britain.

(*The author has recently returned from Ceylon, where he met the Prime Minister and other Ministers and high officials including the Governor and the British High Commissioner.*)

DENMARK NOW

By Henry Baerlein

BEFORE Denmark joined the Atlantic Pact there had been a suggestion from the Swedes that their country, Denmark and Norway should unite in a neutral, defensive pact. But Norway, with her long seaboard facing west, had other ideas ; she was also moved by temperamental reasons—she has not yet forgiven Sweden for the train loads of Germans, in the guise of Red Cross men, who travelled through Sweden in the war—and this has made her remember that it is not very many years ago since she was Sweden's junior partner. She therefore decided emphatically for the Atlantic Pact. Denmark had no animosity against the Swedes who in the war helped many of them to escape from their own occupied country and when the Russians, in bombing the Germans out of the Danish island of Bornholm, had destroyed a few hundred houses the Swedes donated such excellent prefabricated ones that I often heard an islander regret that his house had not been bombed.

Denmark had to choose between going with Sweden or with Norway. The Swedes have an admirable army and navy, and if attacked they will certainly give a good account of themselves ; but even they rely on the west for aeroplanes, and of course the west can far outstrip Sweden in materially assisting the Danes. It had been thought by some that this assistance could be obtained even if Denmark remained, with Sweden, outside the Atlantic Pact. When this was shown to be an illusion the Danes really had no choice and practically all their political parties agreed that, in spite of their very vulnerable geographical position, they would have to join in the Atlantic Pact.

Of course the Danish communists objected—but in every election since the war they have gone down-hill and now, instead of 18 members of Parliament, they have only six. Their paper, *Land and People*, does not belong to the Association of Danish Newspapers, so that its circulation is unknown, but is thought to be around 20,000. When the Russians, a few months ago, shot down an unarmed American plane the paper asserted that the Americans had partly occupied the Copenhagen airport in order to carry out reconnaissance flights over Russian territory.

The Russians protested against the proposed Scandinavian Pact,

but when Denmark joined the Atlantic Pact their protest was unexpectedly mild, though it was delivered in rather dramatic fashion at 3 a.m. And now the Danes are tightening up their defences—for the first time they have placed their army, navy and air force under a Chief of Defence who is the 52-year-old Admiral Qvistgaard, a submarine expert, until recently naval attaché in Washington and before that naval and air attaché in London. The Danes have been glad to see that their friends in Oslo have also taken steps to make their defences more secure in the extreme north, where the Norwegian frontier runs with that of the Soviet and where the latter have of late been less and less willing to countenance relations between the natives of the two sides of the frontier, while Norwegian aircraft have been told by the Russians that they must not approach nearer than twelve miles to the frontier. In reply to these regulations the Norwegian Government have just devoted half a million kroner to making that part of the kingdom more secure against attack.

The Danish economic position seems to-day to be secure. The standard of living is high ; a working-class family regards the possession of good clothes, good furniture, a wireless set and seats at the theatre as quite normal. There is some regret that the butter ration is less than that in Britain to where so much of it is exported. On the other hand Denmark has, in proportion to her population, seven times as many bookshops as we have.

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A domestic matter which will probably be tackled before long is the succession to the throne. As the law stands to-day it is not possible for a woman to succeed and, in the event of the King and Queen having no son—they have three daughters—King Frederik would, if the law is not changed, be succeeded by his brother Prince Knut and that Prince's sons. But there seems to be an almost universal desire that the ten-years-old Princess Margrethe, the King's eldest daughter, should, in default of a son, be made the Heir Apparent. As a woman is now the Speaker of the Upper House and there are quite a few women clergy it will be obvious that the Danes are not anti-feminists. Quite apart from the fact that Britain and Holland, for examples, have flourished during the reigns of women—" I am decidedly of opinion that the decrees of Providence are at all times wisest and best," said the Duke of Kent when in May 1819 his child turned out to be a daughter—the Danes remember that their own country under an earlier Margrethe was very prosperous. This Queen was the daughter of King Valdemar who united the country so that he was given the title of Atterdag, the man who brings the dawn to dispel the darkness ; he also brought much wealth to his country. There is a celebrated picture of him sitting in the market-place of Visby, the capital of Gotland, the Swedish island which he conquered. Visby

was then the richest town in Scandinavia and Valdemar compelled the citizens to bring him a great proportion of their treasure. His daughter married King Haakon VI of Norway and when her father died in 1376 her son, Oluf, six years of age, was elected King of Denmark ; in 1380 he was also elected King of Norway and Margrethe reigned over both countries in his stead. In 1385 she added the south of Sweden to her realm, the whole of Sweden following a few years later. Oluf died in 1387 and Margrethe, who was extremely popular with the people and less popular with the ambitious nobles, continued to reign until her death in 1412 although a great-nephew, Erik, whom she adopted was elected king some years before she died. This, however, she seems to have ignored, for when death came to her on board her ship in Flensborg harbour she was, as queen, negotiating for the Hanseatic League to depart, in Denmark's favour, from Slesvig-Holstein. It would be interesting if under another Margrethe South-Slesvig, lost to the Germans in 1864, were to be re-incorporated in the Danish motherland.

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It happened recently at a sitting of the United Nations that the Chinese delegate, who was presiding, declared that Denmark had given an excellent example by inviting two delegates of the U.N. to visit Greenland in order to observe the conditions prevailing there. Not everything in Greenland was peaceful during the war. It was to be expected that the Germans would try to establish meteorological stations in the country, and as soon as it was known that they had got a foothold in East Greenland Danish sledge patrols were formed and a dangerous task was taken up by a small but fearless group of young men. The patrols had skirmishes with the Germans, who were superior in numbers and outfit, but the patrols sallied forth from their bases and sent important radio messages to headquarters, while their own equipment was gradually improved—an armed jeep came in very handy.

Communication with Denmark was cut off and a commission was established in the United States for the purpose of sending supplies to Greenland ; in this perilous transport several ships were lost through acts of war. The Greenlanders of course depend upon supplies coming in, as their country—the largest island in the world—is, to put it mildly, not very fertile. It produces, however, a mineral of great economic importance, cryolite, which is used in the production of aluminium. Cryolite occurs only in Greenland and in large quantities. Practically all the undertakings of an industrial character in Greenland are State-owned and run with Greenland labour—sometimes Greenland-led—in the interest of the Greenland community. An exception are the cryolite quarries at Ivigtut.

These are operated by a private company under Government licence, in which half the shares are State-owned. Half the profits, which in good years are considerable, thus fall to the Government and are passed on in full to the Greenland community.

There is in Greenland a ship and boat-building yard, a large prawn cannery, a couple of agricultural and sheep-breeding research stations and a certain amount of coal production. But the quality of the coal is so poor that the national commission which visited Greenland in 1949 advised that production should cease.

This commission was set up after the Prime Minister had been to Greenland in 1948, when he formed the opinion that the island stood in need of modernization. The commission's chairman was the Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Social Affairs ; he was assisted by the Director of the Greenland Administration, by four native Greenlanders elected by the provincial councils, by a woman elected by the women of Greenland, by four members elected by the Danish Parliament and by one official from each of the Ministries of State, Finance, Trade, Fishery and Education, while in nine sub-commissions other natives were called in. A report has been produced running to 1,100 pages—a resumé in English will later appear—and this will cause during the next ten years a revolution in Greenland's economy and cultural life. During that period no less than 100 million kroner will be invested in the building of houses, hospitals, schools, town-planning and so on. There has been of late years a transformation in the climate, which has become more suave while the temperature of the surrounding ocean has been raised. This has had a profound effect on Greenland's economic life, for with the vastly increasing numbers of cod and the diminishing numbers of seal the pursuit of the former has now become Greenland's main industry. While the seal hunter could obtain all that he required from his catch, the cod fisherman has to sell his haul and buy what he needs in shops.

The Danish Government have always treated Greenland in the most paternal manner and for many years would not allow any unauthorized person from elsewhere to land in Greenland, where the primitive natives would not have been able to protect themselves from foreign exploitation and foreign illnesses. But a steady flow of young Greenlanders has been coming to Denmark for a systematic education ; they used to come merely to learn the cooper's trade, now they are found in teachers' training colleges, secondary schools and as apprentices to electricians, painters and shipbuilders, while the girls become nurses, midwives and elementary school teachers.

Although the policy of not allowing everyone to go to Greenland was still in force in 1941 an exception, owing to the war, was made in favour of the Americans, with whom the Defence of Greenland Pact

was signed in that year. American air-bases were built, as a rule, in regions where no Greenland natives lived and between the natives and the Americans there was little contact. Negotiations are now in progress for handing over Bluie West 8, one of America's three bases, to the Danes, who before the war made use of sea-planes. The construction of an air-base in Greenland is very expensive as all equipment has to be imported. The Greenland airfields are of primary importance as points of safety on the route when the hop between America and Europe is not non-stop—in case of unfavourable weather or when it is found convenient to add to the carrying capacity of the plane by reducing the load of petrol. The Danish Government are now chartering planes to fly people (especially craftsmen) to Greenland in ten hours, whereas the sea journey takes ten days. One cannot say that Greenland is a land fit for tourists to live in, but the beautiful scenery in many parts, the fjords, the icebergs and the colours of the Arctic sky, to say nothing of the trout fishing, will probably attract travellers who, in the absence of hotels, will live on board ship. Next year King Frederik of Denmark is going to visit his Greenland subjects. There are, according to the last census of December 31, 1947, only 21,825 of them and as yet only 5 per cent. speak Danish. Their own language is exceedingly difficult for other people to learn. The Danish Government have refrained from forcing on them the Danish language—from Godthaab, the chief settlement, the wireless station broadcasts every day news, talks and readings in the Greenland language. An instructive and entertaining journal *Atuagagdliutit* (which means " The key to what is to be read") has ever since 1861 been published at Godthaab and there are five other papers in the vernacular, with one in Danish.

Now there is a general desire to learn Danish, as this facilitates the acquiring of knowledge and contact with the outside world. The authorities have responded to this by providing no less than 225 teachers, that is, one for every 14 scholars. It must, however, be admitted that this proportion, which is probably attained in no other country was forced upon the Danes owing to the people living in so great a number of small, scattered communities. (Larger villages would have made it impossible for a man to obtain sufficient seals.) Anyone familiar with the Greenlanders knows that they are not without national feeling, as one sees from the mere fact that in their language they call themselves " *inuit* " (that is, the people), while Europeans and Americans are called " those from outside."

(*The author has just returned from a prolonged tour in Denmark.*)

LONDON GOVERNMENT AFTER FIFTY YEARS

James E. MacColl, M.P.

IN 1939 London celebrated the fiftieth birthday of the London County Council. This month sees another local government jubilee : of the metropolitan boroughs set up by the London Government Act of 1899. If less spectacular, this occasion has its own special interest, not only to Londoners, but to all who are concerned about the best way to administer capital cities, the government of which affects so very many who do not live within their boundaries.

At this time however, London's government has another importance. The need to tackle the local government of conurbations in their entirety is becoming widely recognized. Proposals to treat areas such as the black country or the north-eastern region as a unit have been made not only by such writers as Professor G. D. H. Cole and Mr. Peter Self, but have received official approval in the Reports of the Tyneside Commission and of the Local Government Boundary Commission. London is the oldest and largest conurbation in the British Isles. Discussions of her local government over the last hundred and fifty years and the attempts to give statutory expression to their conclusions have been efforts to solve the problem of the conurbation—how to provide common services and a common standard of local administration in what is essentially one built up area, while at the same time avoiding a cumbersome machine, undemocratic and remote from the citizen. It is interesting to compare the possibilities with what has in fact happened and to draw from the comparison some lessons for other areas which have yet to tackle the problems which London has appreciated for so long.

The problem of London government can be stated in terms of contrasted solutions, which fifty years ago were expressed in the slogans of " unification " and " tenification ". London might have had an all purposes government like any other English city. As Birmingham and Manchester grew over the years, so the old historic City, with its ancient tradition and civic pomp, might have widened its boundaries to take in the suburbs so that the lord mayor and corporation would really have been the governing body of London. Alternatively London might have become a collection of boroughs, each with its separate charter and of comparable size to provincial cities. In fact neither of these solutions has ever been adopted, and

except in the earliest times neither could have been. Both in their unqualified form would have failed to meet London's problem and they have never really been other than symbolic expressions of two different views of what should be the balance of London government. Any workable system of democratic government in London had to be two-tier ; the " unifiers " wished to strengthen the top, and the " tenifiers " the bottom.

The earliest nineteenth century reform of London government was the most drastic. Ten years after Peel established the metropolitan police force in 1829, the area of administration was based on a 15 mile radius from Charing Cross—an area which has lasted so well that, with few changes, it formed the wartime civil defence region. Finding no effective local organization to administer such a region, he placed the police under direct central government control.

The reform of municipal government in 1835 did not touch London. This was unintentional, for the commissioners whose recommendations formed the basis of the Municipal Corporations Act did direct their attention to the metropolis. But though not noted in the provinces for mildness of approach, they were baffled by London, and reported in 1837 without reaching a definite conclusion. They found two alternatives : either a metropolitan municipality covering the urban area, or (no doubt with the police precedent in mind) central government control. They dismissed the idea of establishing independent boroughs side by side with the City as only multiplying and perpetuating the evil of separatism. They were, in other words, uncompromising unifiers, but they hedged on the critical question of whether a democratically elected local council over an area of that size could be made to work. This was, of course, before two-tier organization in the present sense was known. The commissioners were thinking in terms of separate authorities such as they had been dealing with in the provinces.

This was probably the last time that a one-tier metropolitan municipality was practicable. In 1841 the population of what subsequently became the administrative county was just under two million, that of the City and Metropolitan Police districts just over 2,500,000. Even then they were about twice the size in population and the administrative county half as big again in area as modern Birmingham, the largest British all-purpose authority. When one remembers the general standard of public administration in the 1830's it is easy to appreciate why the commissioners hesitated and why in fact nothing was done.

The Metropolis Management Act of 1855 was introduced by Sir Benjamin Hall, who gave London not only her form of government, but her most famous bell, Big Ben. The Act was passed with little opposition. The system it established was based on the recommenda-

tions of a commission, presided over by Sir Henry Labouchere*, which had specifically rejected a proposal to extend the boundaries of the City. The larger parishes were given new directly-elected vestries and the smaller ones sent representatives to district boards. Their main work was in cleansing, lighting and maintaining the roads, exercising powers under the Nuisance Removal and Public Health Acts, and the maintenance of local sewers. Above them the Metropolitan Board of Works was established to look after the common services, in particular street improvements and main drainage. The Metropolitan Board of Works was indirectly elected by the vestries and district boards, and had a salaried chairman. In its original form the bill provided that this chairman should be appointed by the Crown from a short list of three submitted by the board. This clause was dropped by Sir Benjamin and reinstated by the Lords. However, the Commons insisted on its deletion and the chairman was elected by the board. The Government toyed with different areas, including the police district, but chose the district used by the Registrar-General. The present county of London is virtually the same area.

The Metropolitan Board of Works managed to get a deplorable reputation, mainly through the scandals which hastened its dissolution. But through most of its thirty-odd years of life it appears to have done a good job. Beatrice Webb, who was not likely to be prejudiced in its favour, has recorded that " most of the Board's administration was not only honest, but fairly well organized."† It completed the badly-needed main drainage scheme, built a number of new streets such as Shaftesbury Avenue, Charing Cross Road and Victoria Street as well as the Thames Embankment, acquired 30 parks including Hampstead Heath, and established the London Fire Brigade.

The 1855 scheme satisfied neither party. The unifiers found the Board weak in standing up to the particularism of the vestries and were resentful that the City was left to enjoy its turtle soup in peace. The tenifiers found the vestries too small and too undignified to provide effective services on their own or to attract a good type of member.

In 1888, London was included in the establishment of county councils, and the L.C.C. took over the administrative powers of the justices together with those of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which died unmourned. The vestries were hardly affected, and two of the most important social services, education and poor relief, were left in the hands of *ad hoc* authorities. The county did not get the one till 1903 or the other till 1929.

*The uncle of the famous radical.
†*Our Partnership*, page 59n.

The L.C.C. unified the county, but it scarcely affected the City of London, Mill's " union of modern jobbery and ancient foppery." To this extent it was a set-back to the reformers, who coveted the resources and to a lesser degree the romance of the ancient corporation. Nevertheless it became at once a progressive body, drawing support from Liberals, Liberal Unionists and Socialists. The Conservative Governments of the 'nineties became increasingly hostile to the vigorous if rather doctrinaire L.C.C., and there were many hints at drastic reform. But the next move to disturb the position came in fact from the Liberals, with the City as its target. In 1893 the Courtney Commission was set up to report on the " Amalgamation of the City and County of London." Its proposals closely resembled those that had been made in a bill of 1884 by Harcourt. There were to be district councils of undetermined numbers and functions, each of them to be presided over by a mayor, who would be *ex officio* a member of the central council.

There is a fascinating air of " what might have been " about London government. If Liberal Ministries in the nineteenth century had shown less tendency to disintegrate, either of these two proposals might easily have been put into practice. As it was, the ball was left at the feet of the Salisbury Government. " Haldane has just been here : says the Unionist Party will make a determined attack on the L.C.C. and attempt to break London up into separate municipalities. That this has been in the mind of Chamberlain, Balfour and Salisbury is clear from their recent utterances. But Sidney says that is an impossibility. You could not divest the L.C.C. of the great bulk of its powers though of course, it would be possible to change its constitution and reinstate the Metropolitan Board of Works. But that would be too much to propose."* But would it ? In 1895 the moderates almost got control of the L.C.C. and the keynote of the 1898 campaign was Salisbury's invitation to suicide, " in a wise patriotic and enlightened spirit." But the moderates came to grief in the 1898 election and the political dangers of a headlong attack on the L.C.C. were underlined. The Conservative proposals of 1899, when eventually they came, were very mild. They were a strict fulfilment for London of the undertaking given in 1888 and carried out for the rest of the country by the Liberals in 1894—that county councils should be followed by the establishment of district councils. For the 40-odd vestries and district boards were substituted not ten but 28 boroughs. They were not corporate bodies, but urban districts each with a mayor and aldermen with roughly the same powers as the old vestries. The principal reform proposals for 40 years back, whether biassed towards centralization or away from it, had included some common membership between the district and

*Our Partnership, page 65.

central bodies. The 1899 Act (again following the provincial 1894 Act) made no such provision. The reason given was the desirability of preventing an infiltration of county hall politics into the new council, a proposition to which subsequent history gives a pleasing irony.

The 1899 bill was greeted with loud Liberal opposition which quickly subsided, for it was pretty harmless. It left both the L.C.C. and the City corporation intact, which mollified the left and the right respectively, and established boroughs very different from those envisaged by the tenifiers. It was a ridiculous enough mouse to emerge from so mountainous a travail—which is perhaps why it has lasted for 50 years. In 1903 there were suggestions that the boroughs should be made education authorities, but the powers went to the county, and as a sop they received the right to appoint managers to elementary schools. In 1918 the new maternity and child welfare functions were given to the boroughs and were transferred to the L.C.C. in 1947.

After the 1914-1918 war emphasis shifted, from the relations of the City to the County and of the boroughs to the L.C.C., to the general position of Greater London. The Ullswater Commission sat from 1921 to 1923 and produced three reports. The majority proposed to leave the structure as it was and to secure some co-ordination through a London and Home Counties advisory committee. The first minority report wanted to divide the region* into county boroughs with a regional authority for some common services. The other minority report suggested a directly elected Greater London council.

Two further committees show trends of opinion: the task of the Reading committee which was set up in 1945 to examine London government within the county was hopeless in view of the restrictions of its terms of reference and it was abandoned by Mr. Bevan, and the London Planning Administration committee set up to consider machinery to carry out the Greater London plans reported that a satisfactory solution must await a review of the whole local government structure of the region.

The various attempts at solving the London problem had this in common—that they made no serious attempt to allot functions on any rational plan. The 1855 scheme dealt only with a small part of what later became local government. Subsequent schemes either proposed to hand all functions to the central body and leave decentralization to districts at its discretion or accepted the existing division with the idea that, when the new bodies had settled down, they could re-allocate functions in a more balanced way. The 1899 Act was of this latter kind. It transferred a few minor powers from the L.C.C. to the new councils but in general it left an opportunity for

*For this purpose, a distance of ten miles from Charing Cross.

transfers to take place by agreement. Nothing was done and the majority report of the Ullswater Commission recommended further discussions. Eventually in 1933 a few functions were transferred, of which the licensing of cow houses and the supervision of certain disused burial grounds are characteristic examples. Almost all new functions in the past 50 years have been entrusted to the L.C.C. Maternity and child welfare was for a time a glorious exception and civil defence was shared between the two tiers, as has been the rapid expansion of housing.

The borough councils have had too little to do in proportion to their size and wealth. They have accordingly been restless and frustrated and found too much time available for party wrangles. Because they are comparatively wealthy—a representative metropolitan borough has a rateable value per head of population larger than that of Birmingham—they have paid high salaries and therefore attracted a better quality of official than the job has always warranted. On the other hand their achievements have been uneven. The transfer of services to the L.C.C. has not improved, in some cases may have harmed, the best, but it has raised the standard of the worst. There must be some unevenness if services are left to local initiative.

The L.C.C. on its side has suffered from having too much to do. It has got the reputation of being run by its officers, a reputation which would have horrified the early Progressives. There has been so much detailed work over so wide an area to absorb the energies of members that major problems of policy have sometimes suffered. Only a few leading members have been able to give the time necessary to grasp the intricacies of county administration. Many, including most of those with livings to earn, have had to be content with giving formal assent to recommendations at council meetings. Transfer of functions has been hindered by the separation of the two tiers. There has been no official common membership of the L.C.C. and the borough councils, though many people have happened to be members of both. This departure in the 1900 Act from the consensus of previous opinion has not been justified by the event. The borough councils have certainly not avoided party politics, but they have from time to time and often quite unnecessarily got at cross purposes with the L.C.C. That there has not been more friction is a tribute to the good sense of the leaders of both.

The L.C.C. has been slow to decentralize at member level and where it has done so it has used not the existing borough councils but *ad hoc* local committees. In education, for example, there has been some delegation to governors and managers, but there is no local committee responsible for watching over the educational needs of a district. Maintenance and repairs are supervised by divisional

officers although the borough councils already have competent architectural and engineering staffs.

When the L.C.C. took over poor relief from local boards of guardians, district committees were established. Again the council preferred to use nominated local bodies instead of the borough councils. The same situation arose much more recently with the National Health Service when appointed bodies were established combining members of the central public health committee and nominees of the boroughs.

The boroughs in their turn have had converse difficulties to face. In 1912 they established the Standing Joint Committee of Metropolitan Boroughs. This is primarily a negotiating body designed to look after the parliamentary interests of the boroughs and to stand up to the L.C.C., but it has also made some attempt to provide common services, the most recent of which is a common organization and methods team. The most successful has been in connection with the public libraries. The committee manages a union catalogue for all the metropolitan public libraries and has worked out a scheme whereby different reference libraries specialize in particular subjects. The committee has been less successful in tackling the problem of refuse disposal. The boroughs have long been engaged in an undignified scramble for dumping grounds and the need for co-ordination has been generally recognized, at any rate since 1914. In 1930 the boroughs voted 18 to 11 against centralization but rather ineffective attempts were made to work out a scheme of voluntary co-operation. These attempts were revived in 1946 but little seems to have been done and one is bound to say that if this function is abruptly handed over to the L.C.C., the boroughs will have only themselves to blame.

London government has thus developed two separate vertical sections. There is the L.C.C. powerfully centralized, with some devolution to appointed local committees, and there are the boroughs locally elected with some attempted centralization through an indirectly elected joint committee.

One reason often given by the L.C.C. for not decentralizing to the borough councils is the variety and unsuitability of their size. It is interesting to note that the council used ten administrative areas for public assistance and now have nine for the National Health Service, these nine being roughly the same as are used at officer level for education. The council have thus reached empirically about the same number of divisions as were proposed by the tenifiers. The 1899 Act was a weaker compromise. For purely local parochial districts the metropolitan boroughs are too large, for effective administrative areas they are mostly too small.

Harcourt's bill of 1884 for establishing metropolitan districts did not propose to give them mayors. " There would be an absurdity about having a mayor and a sheriff and common councilmen and aldermen all to perform comparatively subordinate functions. They do not rise to the dignity of turtle soup (laughter and a cry of Conger), they would hardly rise, as an hon Member says, to the dignity of conger.*" However the 1899 Act followed both a proposal by Mill in 1867 and the Courtney Commission in providing mayors. I have no doubt that they were right. It may be that if the lord mayor had become the civic head of London the glamour and tradition of his ancient office could have been a focus for civic loyalty and interest. The chairman of the L.C.C. neither could nor would. The streak of puritanism in the Progressives led them to shun turtle soup and made the L.C.C. a pretty colourless affair. The town hall with its mayor and his robes and mace offered a more local and accessible centre of interest, nowhere more needed and more difficult to achieve than in a vast and cosmopolitan metropolis. The achievements of most boroughs in civil defence were at once a reflection and a strengthening of the place of the town hall in the community and that has been extended by the work subsequently done in public relations. With the social changes of the past fifty years, conger has perhaps become a more characteristic municipal diet than turtle soup and the metropolitan mayor, now with quite a respectable tradition behind him, has creditably shouldered the responsibilities from which history has cut off the lord mayor.

To say that the boroughs could have been better chosen in 1900 is not necessarily to say that they should be reconstructed in 1950. They have had these fifty years of existence as civic units and have accordingly lost much of their initial artificiality. They should not be shaken up again except for substantial gains.

The critical problem to-day is that of Greater London. So long as a unified London government was at all possible there was a case for keeping down her size and that no doubt is why the reformers were generally content with the 1855 boundaries. But now it is clear (as in fact it should always have been) that London must have a two-tier system. It is therefore highly desirable that the top tier should be wide enough to cover the real and not the accidental statutory London. This was recognized by the L.C.C. itself in evidence to the Ullswater Commission nearly thirty years ago ; it was re-emphasized as recently as 1949 by the London Planning Administration Committee.

Some form of regional government for London is urgently needed. Unless there are to be three tiers, that means that the L.C.C. in its

*Harcourt. Parliamentary debates 287, col. 46.

present form should disappear, its planning and co-ordinating functions going to the regional body, and more administrative functions to the bottom tier, including the metropolitan boroughs in their existing or in a revised form.

How should the top tier be constituted ? It might be left to the Government departments (as the 1837 commissioners contemplated) or to a State board. This is already beginning to happen in the field of planning, a development which the London Planning Administration Committee noted and deplored. There might be a directly elected regional council with some delegation to district councils or nominated local committees. This would be the solution of the unifiers, of whom the signatories of the second minority report of the Ullswater Commission and Professor Robson are examples. Metropolitan experience so far would suggest that unless the extent of delegation was prescribed from outside there would be a tendency to over-centralization and the wood would become obscured by the trees.

There might be directly elected district councils, large enough to carry the bulk of local administration with co-ordinating functions conferred on a regional body, directly or indirectly elected. This would be the solution of the tenifiers, such as the signatories of the first minority report of the Ullswater Commission. The danger here is of unevenness of standards, a straggling wood with a very mixed collection of trees. The unevenness would be mitigated if the regional body were strengthened and given greater continuity by a whole-time chairman upon the Metropolitan Board of Works precedent. He might indeed be appointed by the Crown, as was originally suggested in the 1855 bill.

The history of London local government has always been one of hesitation and tentativeness, because of the unusual size of the problem and the many difficulties of any solution. The last major step was taken in 1855, and we have with us still the London area, the district bodies, and the central authority that were then established, with surprisingly little important change. Before the centenary of the Metropolis Management Act that established them is celebrated, it would be well if a step were taken towards settling this great matter for another hundred years.

(*The author, a barrister, is Member of Parliament for Widnes. Having been a member of the Paddington borough council since* 1934, *he was mayor from* 1947 *to* 1949, *and for ten years he served on the L.C.C. Education Committee.*)

JOHN HOME'S FIRST TWO PLAYS

By F. S. Boas

WHILE the successful revival of John Home's play *Douglas* at the Edinburgh Festival is still fresh in memory it will, I believe, be of interest to examine its relation to its main source and indicate some hitherto, so far as I know, unnoticed links between it and Home's previously written tragedy *Agis*.

Home was born at Leith on September 22, 1722, a son of the town clerk. He was educated at the local grammar school and the University of Edinburgh, where he followed the curriculum suitable to a student preparing to become a minister in the Church of Scotland. He was licensed to preach on April 4, 1745, but in the same year enlisted as a volunteer in the loyalist ranks against the Jacobite rebels. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk but later made his escape and returned to his clerical vocation. As Gibbon's service in the Hampshire militia fifteen years later gave him fuller insight into the movements of the Roman legionaries, so Home's regimental experience during " the '45 " helped to account for the warlike background of both his earliest plays.

As a student he had not confined his reading to theological works. He was deeply interested in the biographies of notable Greeks and Romans, especially as related by Plutarch. He was thus moved to compose a tragedy upon the fate of Agis IV, a King of Sparta, which was completed in 1746. The idealist bent of Home's nature was attracted to the subject of this patriot king who was murdered, while seeking to promote the welfare of all his subjects. He was opposed, in the strange Spartan double monarchy, by the other reigning King, Leonidas, who stood for the privileges of the oligarchy. Among the supporters of Agis was Lysander (not to be confused with his earlier more renowned namesake); and as Home's younger contemporary, Henry Mackenzie, later told the Royal Society of Edinburgh, fearing that his subject " was too barren of incident and passion to suit the prevailing dramatic tastes ", he introduced a sub-plot of the love between Lysander and an Athenian maiden, Euanthe. But as no less a person than the elder Pitt was to point out, their amorous passion was too loosely related to the main plot and divided the interest.

Euanthe has another lover in Amphares whom Home develops

from slighter mention by Plutarch. A double-faced schemer he plays the rôle of a partisan of Leonidas, but his aim is to become himself a king of Sparta, with Euanthe seized, if need be, by force, as his queen. Instigator of the murder of Agis, whom his mother mourns, he meets his own doom from the avenging steel of Lysander.

Home had high hopes that Garrick would produce his tragedy at Drury Lane in 1747. Nor was he without some justification. The play had some striking situations and the dialogue, especially in reflective passages, had a beauty of rhythm and imagery. His disappointment at Garrick's unexpected rejection found singular vent. He wrote with a pencil on Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey (what were the custodians doing ?) lines of bitter lament :

> Image of Shakespeare ! To this place I come
> To ease my bursting bosom at thy tomb ;
> For neither Greek nor Roman poet fired
> My fancy first, thee chiefly I admired :
> And day and night revolving still thy page,
> I hoped, like thee, to shake the British stage ;
> But cold neglect is now my only mead (*sic*),
> And heavy falls it on so proud a head.

It is evident that Home had taken Shakespeare's Roman history plays as his model, and had anticipated similar success. But apart from any question of their authors' relative dramatic powers, he ignored one predominant factor in the comparison of *Agis* with *Julius Caesar* and *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Shakespeare there brought on the stage personalities and events of world-wide import and repute, familiar to men in general. Even his genius achieved less with the more local issues in *Coriolanus*. Garrick therefore had good grounds for believing that a Drury Lane audience would find little of interest in the obscure and confusing rivalries of Spartan kings and their respective factions.

After his disappointment over *Agis* Home turned to a very different source for his next venture as a tragic dramatist. This was the old Scottish ballad called in different versions " Child Maurice " or " Gil Morice ", as it appears in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The ballad in Scottish vernacular tells how Gil Morice, " an erle's son ", sent " boy Willie ", an unwilling messenger to Lord Barnard's hall, to bid his lady meet him in " the gude grene wode " alone. Willie delivers his message as Lord Barnard and his wife sit at meat, and the enraged " bauld baron " cries,

> I'll gae to the gude green woode
> And speik with zour lemman *

*Your lover. Throughout the ballad ' z ' takes the place of ' y '.

Then the ballad describes Gil Morice in his youthful beauty singing in the woods and wondering,

O what mean a' the folk coming
My mother tarries lang

In this naïve fashion the secret of Gil Morice's relations to the lady is revealed before the tragic sequel

The baron came to the green wode,
Wi' mickle dule * and care.
And there he first spied Gil Morice
Kameing his zellow hair
That sweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare :
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.

But the youth's attractions serve only to inflame Lord Barnard's jealousy. He draws his sword,

And thro Gil Morice' fair body
He's gar† cauld iron gae.

He cuts off his head and has it borne on a spear to his castle. At the sight his lady exclaims :

Far better I lo'e that bluidy head,
Both and that zellow hair
Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.

And movingly she makes her confession :

I got ze in my father's house
Wi' mickle sin and shame
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip.

She begs Barnard to kill her with the spear that slew her son, but he declares :

Emouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not your death frae me.
I rather lourd it had been mysel
Than eather him or thee.

* * * * *

It will be seen that to lay undue stress on Home's debt to " Gil Morice " does not do justice to his power of dramatic invention.

*grief †caused.

It is true that the ballad furnished him with the fundamental concept of his play, the murder of a woman's son by her husband who believes that she is making an assignation with him as her lover. But the details are changed almost out of recognition. Lady Barnard had borne her boy in her father's house, " wi' mickle sin and shame ", no doubt illegitimately. Home substituted a far more honourable cause for the secrecy attending the child's birth. Her brother had saved in battle the life of Douglas, the hereditary foe of her house. The pair had sworn eternal friendship, and Douglas in a borrowed name had visited her home, won her love, and married her in the authorizing presence of her brother. When questioned by her stern sire, Sir Malcolm, she had taken an equivocal oath that she would never wed one of the Douglas name. Within three short weeks her husband and brother were both slain in the same battle, and she was now wedded to Lord Randolph for whom she has esteem but not love. As she avows in her opening speech :

> O, Douglas, Douglas . . .
> Though I am call'd
> Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
> Incapable of change, affection lies
> Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

But her mourning is not only for him but for the son born of their wedlock who, she believes, has been drowned in his infancy, but who has been saved by a shepherd who has reared him as his own child, under the name of Norval (earlier Forman) among his flocks on the Grampian hills. Here Home may have had in mind the story of Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* similarly thought to be lost and brought up as a shepherd's child. But the youth's inborn ambition to win glory on the field of battle is a reflex of Home's own experience as a soldier.

It is this that moves Norval to leave his supposed father's house on the report that the king has summond the Scottish peers to lead their warriors against the invading Danes. On his way he rescues Lord Randolph from an attack by assassins hired by the villain of the play, Glenalvon, who is Randolph's heir. As the elder Pitt had criticized in *Agis* the Lysander-Euanthe plot, so another celebrity, David Hume, a kinsman of Home, objected to Glenalvon's character as "too abandoned." But he is necessary to the working out of the tragedy. I think it has not previously been noted that in his character and in the part that he plays Glenalvon is a magnified facsimile of Amphares in *Agis*. Like him he is double-faced. As described by Lady Randolph,

> Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
> An artificial image of himself ;
> And he with ease can vary to the taste
> Of different men its features.

And as Amphares by lawless means sought the possession of Euanthe and of the Spartan crown, so Glenalvon was determined to do away with Randolph that he might enjoy his lands and wealth, and force his wife to yield to his over-mastering passion which he has " madly blabb'd " to her.

Lord Randolph's praise of his rescuer fires his Lady's imagination :

> I thought that, had the son of Douglas lived,
> He might have been like this young gallant stranger.
> While thus I mused, a spark from fancy fell
> On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
> For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
> And like an orphan cast upon my care.
> I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

Then follows the discovery, in the central scene of the play, that Norval is in truth her son Douglas, and her appointment with him, evidently suggested by Gil Morice's message in the ballad, for a meeting by night in the neighbouring wood. Randolph's jealousy, fanned by Glenalvon, of the favour shown by his wife to this " acquaintance of a day " is inflamed to fury by the news, betrayed to him, of this " assignation". He seeks, like Lord Barnard in the ballad, to take the life of the " lover ", but in Douglas he finds more than his match. It is the treacherous blow from behind of Glenalvon that is fatal, though like Amphares the double dealing villain meets his own doom. And though in *Gil Morice* Lady Barnard's prayer for death at her husband's hands is unfulfilled, it may well have suggested to Home Lady Randolph's despairing leap into the void.

Once again Home rode with his play to London to have it rejected by Garrick as " totally unfit for the stage." But his Scottish friends rallied to his support and planned for its production at an Edinburgh theatre. Henry Mackenzie has recorded the excitement thus aroused. " The men talked of the rehearsals, the ladies repeated what they had heard of the story ; some had procured, as a great favour, copies of the most striking passages, which they recited at the earnest request of the company." Its performance at the Cansgate theatre on December 14, 1756, with West Digges as Douglas and Mrs. Ward as Lady Randolph, was a triumph. " The town ", as a contemporary has recorded, " was in an uproar of exultation that a Scotchman did write a tragedy of the first rate and that its merits were submitted to them." But the cry of one enthusiast; " Whaur's yer Wully Shakespeare noo ? " suggests a comment not intended by him. This patriot spoke in the Scottish vernacular, and of this there is no trace in *Douglas*. Even its scenic background, in spite of the mention of the Grampian Hills, the Carron Water and

the Teviot, does not bear the impress of "Caledonia stern and wild."

The purely native genius of Scotland inspired the other Edinburgh Festival dramatic revival, Lyndsay's *Satyre of the thrie Estretis*. Home's *Douglas* by contrast was completely anglicized in diction and technique. While this may lessen its interest to-day for Scottish literary antiquaries, it has accounted for its long stage career. Its success in Edinburgh was followed by its production at Covent Garden in 1757 with Spranger Barry as Douglas and Peg Woffington as Lady Randolph. Garrick was thus induced at the second time of asking to put on *Agis* at Drury Lane in 1758, with himself as Lysander and Mrs. Cibber as Euanthe ; and *Douglas* in 1769, with Brereton in the titular part and Mrs. Barry as Lady Randolph. Edmund Kean as Douglas and Mrs. Siddons as Lady Randolph continued the high tradition, sustained by Dame Sybil Thorndike in our own day acting the heroine in the grand manner in Edinburgh. Throughout these impersonations it has not been local colour or association but the universal twin tragedies of frustrated mother-love and youthful idealism (both foreshadowed in *Agis*) that have given *Douglas* an enduring appeal.

THE STOCKYARD

By Margaret Stanley-Wrench

Knee deep in straw, their flanks sienna brown
Or red as leaves that are scattered in sodden ditches
The bullocks stand, their breath hangs hoar in the air,
And over them the sky is stone, a sullen
Slab of grey predicting storm and rain.

A month ago in the honey mists of autumn
Across the river pastures, parting the sedges
They moved, crowned by their god-like, arching horns
In droves of peace to graze, but now are herded
In narrow yards, breathing despair and fear.

Their calm brows wrinkle under the pangs of thought
Dragging in slowness, as the puckered sea
Gathers a wave, and breaks in purposeless foam,
Or with their senses deeper than thought, can feel
Death a month away with the bitter snows.

A NIGHT SCENE

By Patric Dickinson

I said " Come out and look
  " This minute at the night."
We saw at a great height a superb marvel,
A tranquil enormous icepack of white clouds,
  An immense beach
With the full moon lying upon it, a luminous shell,
  Yet sounding of our sea.
Hardly it moved, only it was huge, it made
Our local scene so beautiful, so bright,
With a diffused deep seabed dream of land ;
It was an arctic span where fear
Was only man's because of his brittle hold
On Fire there : if there were beast or bird
  They would have come to hand enchanted
    Curious at our shape.

Something entirely tender and archaic,
  Pacific, utterly innocent,
    Lay on that crystal shore
Caressed by the full moon of womanhood.
    Up there
Was what all the world wanted,
A Peace creative proud and strong and ruthless
  As women whose earthly hands
With mysterious deft desire
Guide a day's mouth to their soft timeless breasts.

And then from the just-underneath
Of the moony beach, from the chaotic Between,
  Too high above the known
For diurnal expediency quite to claim,
Came from how far a sound, the slow swelling
    Of the second marvel.

Dead straight, its sullen slugtrail stiff behind it,
  Beautified at once by the night's nature,
Flew an amazing instrument—aeroplane,
Quidnunc of man's ingenious cannibal greed
  To eat the universe of his own heart.
Tiny and strange and horribly potent it drew
    Its geometric argument
  Through the aesthetics of space-time,
Louder than need be, to keep its courage up.

Then all the more wonderful, the more miraculous
    In the after silence
The vapour trail for a hundred moonlit miles
Faithful to its fact, and above it the flow
    Of eternal changing imagination
    To us below
  Rapt and renewing in ourselves
Angelic glory of symbols
    There in our mortal plot.

STEVENSON'S EARLY WRITINGS

By G. F. McCleary

ROBERT Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh on November 13, 1850, and died in Samoa on December 3, 1894. His life was a drawn out struggle against disease ; the physical presence of death was never far away. Yet in his 44 disturbed years he, labouring valiantly, produced a considerable body of work of such originality and power that it is still living and influential, and seems likely to remain so.

Popularity came to him late in life. It was not until he was in his early thirties that he began to earn a living in the profession of letters. He had, it is true, for some years been known in literary circles as a man of ideas, a brilliant talker, the master of a prose style of singular distinction and charm. He had worked hard to attain command of his chosen medium of expression, but only in his last decade did he reach a wide circle of readers.

Charles Dickens once declared that he had been " a writer when a baby " ; and the same may almost be said of Stevenson, whose first literary effort of which we have knowledge was composed when he was six years old. One of his uncles had offered a prize to his children and nephews for the best history of Moses, and it was won by R.L.S. with a piece dictated by him to his mother in five successive Sunday evenings. That attempt at literature, his mother told us, roused in him the desire to be an author. It was followed by a history of Joseph and a story written in imitation of Mayne Reid. During his brief stays in the various schools he attended he was busy bringing out school magazines, the contents of which were mostly written by himself. In early boyhood he made a vow that he would learn to write, and in his essay, " A College Magazine," he explained how it was kept—how he lived with words, how he played what he called " the sedulous ape " to the masters of English prose, how in various ways he cultivated his literary gifts by constant study and practice. He has been accused by some detractors of writing an artificial style, a form of expression not springing naturally from his personality but manufactured with hard labour, with what he himself called " elbow grease ". Such detractors had doubtless heard of this account of how by constant study and practice Stevenson learnt to write—as if there were any other way of acquiring mastery in any of

the arts. To some readers it may seem natural to assume that writings easily read were easily written. Even eminent authors may be so deceived. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in his *Summing Up*, tells us that at one time he could hardly believe that 'Colette' (Madame Garstrier-Villars) took trouble with her writing, so extraordinary seemed her ease of expression ; and he was surprised when she told him that she wrote everything over and over again, and would often spend a whole morning upon a single page.

Stevenson first appeared in print with a pamphlet of twenty pages, "The Pentland Rising", published on November 28, 1866, a fortnight after his sixteenth birthday. Originally written as a novel, it was much cut down by the author to please his father and was presented as a fragment of history. Writing in 1894 to Colvin in reply to a request for permission to reprint some of his early work in the Edinburgh edition, he said : "I heartily abominate and reject the idea of reprinting "The Pentland Rising." For God's sake let me get buried first."

During the next five years Stevenson published little : two poems, eight sketches, and the six essays that appeared in the *Edinburgh University Magazine*, a monthly periodical which, edited by Stevenson and three of his friends, ran four months from January 1871 and, as he put it, "died without a gasp." In few of these pieces is there any promise of the good things he had in store for us. There followed his two scientific papers, the first of which "On a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," was read to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts in March 1871 and was awarded a silver medal. The second, "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," was read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in May 1873. These papers, probably the least read of Stevenson's writings, were not intended to be contributions to literature.

In 1873 there appeared the first literary work for which he received payment. It was the essay "Roads", which, after rejection by the *Saturday Review*, was accepted by *Portfolio*, then edited by P. G. Hamerton, and came out in the number for December, Stevenson being then twenty-three years old. In the following year he began his contributions, twenty-five in number, to the *Cornhill*, the first of which, the essay on "Victor Hugo's Romances", appeared in August 1874, and the last, the second part of the essay on "Talk and Talkers", in August 1882. In none of his previous writings is his distinctive quality so fully revealed as in the essay on "Victor Hugo's Romances". In his own judgment it marked the beginning of his command of style. Leslie Stephen was then editing *Cornhill*, which, founded in 1859 by the publishers Smith, Elder and Co., had had a notable history. George Smith, the senior partner, desired to start a new monthly magazine in which all Thackeray's future writings

should appear. He offered the editorship, at a salary of £1,000 a year, to Thackeray, who accepted it and gave the magazine its name. Smith expected a circulation of some 10,000 copies for the first number, that for January 1860 ; the actual sales reached 120,000, and the editor's salary was immediately doubled. But Thackeray's health was failing, and early in 1862 he resigned.

In 1871 Smith offered the editorship to Leslie Stephen, who had special satisfaction in accepting a post once held by Thackeray. The appointment delighted Thackeray's daughters, one of whom Stephen had married. Though Stevenson was unknown to him when he received the essay on " Victor Hugo's Romances," he not only accepted it but wrote an appreciative letter of some 900 words inviting further contributions. The *Cornhill* pieces comprise twenty essays, four short stories and one poem. The stories exhibit different aspects of Stevenson's powers as a writer of fiction. The first, " Will o' the Mill," which appeared in 1878, is a psychological study, original in conception and written with a maturity of style.

Will o' the Mill as a boy in his home high up on the Brenner Pass longed to travel and see the cities of the plain, but a passing tourist convinced him that he was better where he was ; and there he remained for the rest of his life. He became engaged to the parson's daughter, but not long after obtained her consent to his view that they would be happier as friends. For three years they saw each other once or twice a week. " He rather stinted himself the pleasure of seeing her ; and he would often walk halfway to the parsonage, and then back again, as if to whet his appetite." But at the end of three years she married somebody else, and a year later sent for Will from her deathbed, where they had some minutes' talk in private. He lived to be 72 years old ; and when at the end a stranger in the guise of a physician called and said his name was Death he replied : " Since Marjory was taken, I declare before God that you were the only friend I had to look for." Will's philosophy was the direct opposite to that of Stevenson, who ruled his life on the maxim : " Acts may be forgiven ; not even God can forgive the hanger-back."

" The Pavilion on the Links " is a tale of action—of rivalry in love, crime, a night landing on a desolate shore, and a summary execution. Many critics hold that in this work Stevenson first found himself. It was written in California, whither he had gone to marry his wife, and in October 1879 he sent the manuscript to Henley to be " placed ". Henley submitted the manuscript to Leslie Stephen, much to the surprise of the author, who in January 1880 wrote : " Had you looked at ' The Pavilion ', I do not think you would have sent it to Stephen ; 'tis a mere story, and has no higher pretensions." A still greater surprise awaited him ; for a few days later he received Henley's letter containing the joyful news that

Stephen had accepted the story for *Cornhill*. Writing from San Francisco on January 23, 1880, Stevenson was in high spirits :

> That was good news. The Dook de Karneel takes a blood and thunder ! Well, I thought it had points ; now I know it. And I'm to see a proof once more ! O Glory Hallelujah, how beautiful is proof. And how distressed the author man who dwells too far aloof. His favourite words he always finds his friends misunderstand. With oaths he reads his articles, moist brow and clenched hand. Impromtoo. The last line first-rate.

"Thrawn Janet" and "The Merry Men" mark an advance in achievement. Both were among those of his works of which Stevenson thought most highly. " Thrawn Janet ", the outcome of his studies in the history of witchcraft in Scotland, was intended to be the opening of a volume of tales of horror, or " crawlers " as he called them, to be entitled *The Black Man and Other Tales*, a volume that was never completed. It was Stevenson's first attempt at narrative in Scots. He wrote to Colvin : " Thrawn Janet is off to Stephen, but as it is all in Scotch he cannot take it, I know. It was so good, I could not help sending it." It was, however, immediately accepted, and appeared in October 1881. It is generally regarded as the most grim and uncanny of the author's contributions to that genre of literature. " Thrawn Janet," he wrote to Colvin, " frightened me to death."

The last of the *Cornhill* tales, " The Merry Men ", was also submitted to Stephen with some hesitation on account of its length, though it is not much longer than " The Pavilion on the Links ". But it was accepted and appeared, in two parts, in June-July 1882. In a letter to Colvin, Stevenson described it as " a fantastic sonata about the sea and wrecks ; I like it much above all my other attempts at story-telling." In this tale, which was inspired by what the author had seen of the Scottish coast during his professional studies of lighthouse construction, his extraordinary power of description reaches its peak of achievement. Inanimate nature, depicted in prose of thrilling intensity, is the real hero of the tale ; the human element is subsidiary, and this by some readers is felt to be unsatisfactory.

A comparison of Stevenson's early magazine contributions with the texts that were afterwards published in book-form affords evidence of the care with which he revised his work, even after it had already appeared in print. But in a few cases only are the changes numerous or important. One is " The Pavilion on the Links ". In the original version it is a tale told by a father to his children of his first meeting with their mother. There is an opening paragraph of some 300 words, beginning :

> I believe it is now more than time, my dear and dutiful children, that I was setting my memories in order before I go hence. For six months I have been reminded

> day by day of human frailty ; I must take the hint before it is too late, and leave you the story for which you have so often asked. . . .

In the version that was first published in book form, with the " New Arabian Nights ", in 1882, the story opens with what was originally the second paragraph, beginning :

> I was a great solitary when I was young. I made it my pride to keep aloof and suffice for my own entertainment ; and I may say that I had neither friends nor acquaintances until I met that friend who became my wife and the mother of my children. . . .

In Chapter VI there is another important omission—of about 400 words—and numerous minor alterations are made throughout the story.

Conan Doyle, who held " The Pavilion on the Links " to be " one of the great short stories of the world," disliked the alterations made in the text for publication in book form. They were, he wrote in his *Memories and Adventures*, " all for the worse." But a comparison of the original with the revised text, not only of " The Pavilion " but of the magazine contributions generally, would surely convince most readers that the alterations were in nearly every instance for the better.

My own reading in Stevenson's writings began in January 1878 with " Will o' the Mill." I was not of an age to make much of it, but I remember being impressed by the astronomical discourse of the young tourist, which led Will to the conclusion : " We are in a rat-trap." In October 1879 I chanced upon the essay " Some Aspects of Robert Burns ", of which I made still less. I can remember only that I thought it curious that Burns should call himself an " old hawk ". A year later, however, I read " The Pavilion on the Links ", and was long haunted by thoughts of furtive Italians hiding along a bleak seacoast, of a dead man's hat being blown over a fearful quicksand, and of a formidable voice shouting through a shuttered window the single word " *Traditore* ".

This tale, like all Stevenson's writings in *Cornhill*, was initialled R.L.S.—initials that meant nothing to me. I did not associate them with " Captain George North ", the ostensible author of *Treasure Island* when I read it week by week in *Young Folks* from October 1, 1881 to January 28, 1882. It was not until *Treasure Island* appeared in book-form, under the author's real name, in December 1883, that I realized that the R.L.S. of *Cornhill* and the " Captain George North " of *Young Folks* were one and the same person. Such was my introduction to the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson, which have formed one of the most constant and never-failing sources of satisfaction that have come into my life.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

An Evaluation

By Luke Parsons

The trouble with Mr. Somerset Maugham as a novelist is not that he has a philosophy of life—it may be doubted whether considerable novels can be written without one—but that his particular philosophy provides an inadequate mental climate for the production of great literature. He dockets people systematically in the dark pigeon-holes of his mind. They are not just 'types' but they must be reduced to a certain size and shape to fit—and when we meet them in his books they have been so reduced. (Since, as with icebergs, most of personality is below the surface of everyday appearances, they remain recognizable human beings.) There are few, if any, falsely-conceived characters in Somerset Maugham as there are, for instance, in Thackeray. But we meet no *full* men or women in Mr. Maugham as we quite often do in Conrad. There is good and evil, virtue, vanity and vice in all of us. Only vanity and vice—and above all what the ancient church called Lust—are determining influences for most Maugham characters. As Mr. Graham Greene is obsessed with the need for atonement, so Mr. Maugham tells us that we're stuck irretrievably with Original Sin—although he probably wouldn't call it that—and that there is no hope of redemption. These *idées fixes* are not conducive to a balanced view of human nature. Yet a great novel is great only by virtue of the universal truths a balanced, indeed almost divinely objective view can reveal.

Mr. Maugham's lack of belief in God drives him to a preoccupation with the world of the flesh—and this world he finds, in the main, sordid and uninspiring. Perhaps it would be truer to say that if he does not find it so his world affects us like that. Since no one can live on a nostalgia for mud alone, without hope, without gleams in the darkness, his disillusionment is tempered—if that is the right word for it—by sentimentality. The different kinds of "realists" from Somerset Maugham to Ernest Hemingway are invariably sentimental. And it is also the Achilles heel of the brittle sophisticates like Noel Coward. Mr. Maugham never—though I doubt if he is consciously aware of this—really tries to understand people—he presents them and uses them and shows to his own satisfaction, by superficial examination, that they can all be seen as evidence to support his not very joyous or generous estimate of human nature. He believes with Freud that sex exerts a predominating influence on all our thoughts and actions. In his last book of short stories sex, in one form or another, was behind the action of every single tale. This suggests either a one-track mind or a waning of his powers of imaginative invention.

What is the secret of Somerset Maugham's reputation? Most of his early admirers probably found his disillusioned, "nothing sacred" philosophy stimulating by its very novelty. And might it not be true? In a crumbling world I take this to be the chief reason for his popularity. Such a philosophy has an appeal because it professes to strip all pretensions and self-deceptions from all human activities, leaving the basic, ignoble motives from sex or the mere struggle for survival exposed. One feels that it is his own "armour against fate"—this philosophy which, by taking the lowest, most "disillusioned" view of everything, protects him from

being let down by any over-generous conclusion about his fellows on any occasion. Of course, as Shirley said, there is no armour against fate. In the last resort there is only faith or despair. Mr. Maugham claims to have no faith in the religious sense and professes to be proud of this. One should not deride that little vanity. Than it there are for most of us far more damning Pharisaic temptations.

Mr. Maugham is read also for the quality of his prose—or rather, because of it—and for his storyteller's cunning, his craftsmanship. He has no style in the mannered sense, which is by no means a fault. But neither is he capable of writing that can adapt itself for the fullest expression of tragic emotion or of lyric feeling. He is neither a sculptor like Pater nor a poet like Hardy. He is, however, master of a lucid, colloquial prose that expresses with great accuracy and effectiveness what he wishes to say. Through early experiments, we gather from *The Summing Up*, he became aware of his stylistic limitations. He is easy to read because he does not try for effects he knows he cannot achieve. His novels and short stories—it is equally true of his plays—are brilliantly constructed, but because of his restricted view of human nature he may manoeuvre his characters as though they were puppets and remain unaware that he has done them a mischief. He is a spell-binder, a best-seller writer—yes—but that alone would not account for his literary reputation. He has been frank about early pot-boilers but besides writing to entertain and to make money he has been, throughout all his more serious works, true to his philosophy of life which, though many may find it neither very profound nor in accordance with the facts of their own experience, is nevertheless sincerely held. That integrity has had its due reward.

The Razor's Edge has been called Mr. Maugham's best book. It is on an ambitious scale but in execution is one of the least successful, being a self-conscious attempt to write a masterpiece. In it he tries to delve deeper, even flirts shyly with mysticism, and his prose, never before called on for such tasks, for once proves inadequate. When he is most in earnest he is least creative. And when the novel comes alive it does so on a lower level of seriousness than that on which it was conceived. His last book, *A Writer's Notebook*, shows up the limitations of his approach to his medium, the raw material of life. All art involves selection. Mr. Maugham normally selects what comes within his creative range. He does not go outside his own experience and in some respects that is very wide. He is a fine craftsman ; an acute observer of surface phenomena. He is, despite the veneration of the glossy magazines, no seer. As Henry James remarked of Gustave Flaubert, with whom Somerset Maugham has something in common in his attitude to and treatment of life, he " never puts his ear to the door of the soul."

SCIENCE ITS METHOD AND ITS PHILOSOPHY, by G. Burniston Brown. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Since the cockroach has a poor memory, it is an indifferent learner in an experimental maze, though it excels the earthworm. The curiosity of the higher animals, the author also notes, makes them more obvious precursors of human science. The " passion for investigation " of the chimpanzee most obviously foreshadows the great scientific quest after " true knowledge of the world."

Men quested, then they reflected on their questing to understand what they were doing, what knowledge they might obtain, and how to direct their endeavours rationally. A long assiduous search, and earnest reflection on it have resulted in many treatises on the method and philosophy of science. The " general reader " can thank the author for an interesting, attractively written, and pleasantly presented version of this philosophy and method. He includes humorous touches. In a

certain district of Germany, for instance, the number of children born correlated with the number of storks : a causal connection must not be too freely inferred from a correlation.

The book connects various phases in the philosophy of science with Aristotle, Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir Isaac Newton. William Whewell, J. S. Mill, and Wells's " Essay on Dew " are prominent in the chapter on " Modern Science ". The chapter on " Ultra-Modern Science ", the author suspects, may deter some, but the reader should at least try it, though it does require " a more advanced knowledge of mathematics and physics."

Language, that significant measure of the huge gap between Aristotle and the most passionately investigating ape, is discussed in a chapter on " Words " between the third on " Aristotle " and the first on " Animals ". Language greatly preoccupies thought to-day. Sometimes it is roughly handled—chided, for instance, by Whitehead because it is not precise enough for philosophy, or by Lascelles Abercrombie because it is too precise for poetry. Language, the author explains, both fortifies and misleads reason. Words are essential, but should always be suspected.

Intuition, increasingly checked by more systematic observation and experiment : this is given as a brief description of developing " scientific method." The author insists on the important rôle of " creative ideas " and its incompatibility with the " central planning of science." He illustrates by the " Essay on Dew " that " few scientific researches are carried out according to a definite plan." The enlightening power of systematic experiment is illustrated by the water-boatman ; this unfortunate victim is experimentally shown to be probably a less able learner than he appears to be.

Even genius requires its *Organon*—its mental instrument or method. This is the interpretative hypothesis, or theory. The author discusses the functions of this *Organon*, and the growth of ideas about them.

Galileo wrote a famous dialogue. In the last chapter the three participants entertainingly discuss the author's own book. This contains many more items than the Walrus catalogues. Its various readers may have their dissents, but they can enjoy even where they differ. They will appreciate the difficulties presented by such words as " fact ", " real ", or " true ", and the importance of careful distinction between facts and inferences.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY.

SOVIET TRADE UNIONS, by Isaac Deutscher. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES by Pitirin A. Sorokin. *Stevens.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Except that they both concern Russia, these two books have little in common. Mr. Deutscher's is infinitely the more important of the two, since it not only deals with the history of the industrial organization of the working class in Russia but, more generally, discusses the whole problem of the spheres of trade union activity within the framework of a planned economy ; and it shows clearly how the particular features of the Russian trade union derive from the conditions of Russia both before and after the Revolution. " The most characteristic feature in the history of our Trade Unions," says Marshal Stalin, "is that they have emerged, developed and grown strong only after the party, around the party and in friendship with the party . . . Whereas in Britain the Labour Party was created by the trade unions, the Russian trade unions from their beginning led their existence in the shadow of the political movement." Repressed by the Czarist régime, it was only with its fall, brought about primarily by the Bolsheviks, that they emerged into great prominence or even achieved very large memberships.

From the earliest stages of the post-revolutionary era there was a considerable controversy about the trade

nions' rôle. There were some who eld that they should continue to play ne part of the workers' representatives gainst the employer, whether this was ne State or a private undertaking. There were others, like Trotsky, who emanded the complete militarization of abour, and the "statification" of the nions, and who asked, like Zinoviev: Why and from whom do you need ndependence: from your own government . . . ?" Lenin, throughout, teered a middle course, and at the enth Congress of the Communist arty his views prevailed. "Whatever he motives," says Mr. Deutscher, the view that the trade unions should ot be swallowed up by the State but hat they should voluntarily co-operate vith it obtained the sanction of the Congress. Since this conception was ssociated with Lenin's name and since enin himself never revised it . . . it ecame part of the Leninist orthodoxy . . hat the trade unions should remain a on-governmental, a non-State organiztion." This idea, however, had little eality because of the non-democratic haracter of the Soviet State, and in ractice "to all intents and purposes he unions . . . became part of the overnmental machinery." Under Marshal Stalin, the trade unions have irtually been transformed into "a ocial insurance organization" and he unions, too, have played a part in purring on "socialist emulation" nd so in creating that inequality, not etween classes, but within the working lass, which, according to Mr. Deutscher, has certainly been much greater than n any other country." Incidentally, Mr. Deutscher does a great deal to lispose of the claims of the Soviet to naintain freedom of labour and to how the existence of a thinly disguised ut almost universal system of direcion.

Dr. Sorokin's book gives the impression of great knowledge sterilized y a defective and somewhat naïve nalysis. The relations of Russia and he United States have always been acific in the past: therefore, his argument seems to run, there is no reason why they should not be pacific in the future. There is much in common, he says, between the American and Russian mentality and social life; and if the Russians used to be rather unkind to the Jews, at least their motives were religious rather than racial. Dr. Sorokin, in his anxiety to prove his point, even glosses over the fact that the Russians have lived for a generation under a highly centralized and despotic government; and he even goes to the length of arraigning the Vatican as being the aggressor in the cold war. Then, towards the end of the book, the author seems to approach nearer to reality when he says that the fundamental cause of conflict between the two powers is "their doubtful privilege of emerging from the last war as the two most powerful military forces" and the underlying cause of a clash he discerns in differences of "sensate values". Of course, if people would acquire other and better values, the world would be an easier and happier place. Even the most crabbed of reviewers must concede Dr. Sorokin that.

W. T. Wells.

THE LAST OPTIMIST, by J. Alvarez del Vayo. *Putnam.* 18*s.*

The memoirs of foreign correspondents, especially in America, are always a marketable commodity. These onlookers invariably see more of the game—or the tragedies—of international politics than the actual participants. Among them Alvarez del Vayo has certainly occupied a favourable position, and few can boast such a full and active life's experience.

Yet it is not the story of his journalistic peregrinations which makes for the peculiar interest of his book, nor the author's personality, which is unremarkable. What matters is his political posture as a left socialist who nevertheless does not bow the knee to Moscow, and the fact that he can, from first-hand knowledge, throw a revealing light on recent Spanish history, correct-

ing a number of false notions which are current.

Politically unsubtle, not to say untutored, Señor del Vayo, like so many Spaniards of his generation (he is now getting on for sixty), was in revolt against the twin yoke of church and army. He comes of a God-fearing *bourgeois* family and was brought up in the barracks at El Escorial where his father was commandant of an army cadets' school. As a young 'intellectual' of the left, studying law in Madrid (nominally) he was caught up in the Republican revolutionary movement, and in 1930, at the time of the abortive Jaca rising, he availed himself of his cover as *Manchester Guardian* correspondent (as well as *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires) to bring in pistols, tommy guns and ammunition from across the frontier, as well as undertaking important missions as intermediary with military chiefs and anarcho-syndicalist leaders. No Marxist, he yet developed a cult for Russia, a country which so few Spaniards knew at all. It was natural enough that he should have thrown in his lot with the Spanish Socialist Party and particularly with Largo Caballero, miscalled the "Spanish Lenin". During the civil war he was for a considerable period Foreign Minister in the Negrin Governments, and it is in what he can tell us of those years, supplementing his detailed account in *Freedom's Battle* (1940), that the chief interest of his book lies. Here at last we have the authentic story about that "Spanish gold" sent to Russia for safe custody in 1936 on which pro-Franco propagandists have battened ; and also sufficient factual evidence to demolish the idea that Juan Negrin is—or ever was—a catspaw of Moscow. A sort of Spanish Churchill, who was great in war, he has similar defects as a political leader in normal times ; in many ways he lacks judgment, as does conspicuously Señor del Vayo himself, but he is no communist.

The author's father, a general of the old school, in April 1931, went to the polls wearing all his decorations, to vote for the Republican candidate saying ". . . it was the only thing any decent person could do." That speaks volumes for the mind and mood of pre-civil war Spain.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

WHILE MEMORY SERVES, by Lieutenant General Sir Francis Tuker. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

That the transfer of power in India was a political masterstroke carried through without a major hitch, is a view commonly held in Britain, and it is believed in some political circles in America. But is such a complacency justified ? Those who take the trouble to read *While Memory Serves* in which Sir Francis Tuker describes the tragic events of the two years preceding partition, may well doubt whether British diplomacy was at its best when we threw up the sponge in India.

The main purpose of the book is to place on record the outstanding services of the Indian Army in preventing the lapse into chaos of the administration at the close of the war and so making British withdrawal possible.

Sir Francis writes with authority since he was, from 1945-1947, commanding the Eastern Army whose responsibility for upholding law and order extended from the Punjab to Burma. He had served for 32 years in the Indian Army ; knew the country-side and its psychology well and also something of the middle-classes as reflected in his relations with the Indian commissioned officer.

Consider the position in India soon after the close of the war : the leaders of the Indian Congress Party who had been in honourable detention since 1942 after setting on foot a rebellion which only just failed to lay India open to Japanese invasion, were unconditionally released. As was only to be expected, they started at once a violent campaign of hate and sedition against the British Government. They went further and sought to undermine the

morale of the services by declaring that officials who had aided in suppressing the rebellion in 1942 would be dealt with when Congress came into power. Throughout the whole period, the growing hate between Hindu and Muslim led to savage rioting which the army was called on to suppress. The morale of the police had deteriorated—the Bihar police mutinied. Only the army, in the author's view, prevented the complete collapse of the administration. Undoubtedly, as he thinks, the confidence in his British officers explains the loyalty of the Indian soldier. The British officers, in incredibly difficult circumstances, played their part nobly, all the more worthy of honour because they had begun to lose faith in G.H.Q. in Delhi. Had civil war blazed forth, Muslims would have been reinforced by half a million Pathans and Afghans from the North-West Frontier. Islam might have prevailed against the Hindu. In any case, either the British would have been compelled to intervene or to leave the field open to Russia.

Sir Francis does not agree with the view held in some circles in Delhi and Whitehall that only by scuttling out of India in a couple of months or so in 1947 could a break-down have been avoided. He thinks that if the British Government had taken a firm grip in 1945, a better settlement might have been reached and the necessary massacres and migrations avoided. That is a question we must leave to the verdict of history a century hence.

This review may well end with a quotation from a letter by a Hindu to the *Calcutta Statesman* of (July 15, 1947): "At one time it appeared that this deluge of communal fury would wash away all vestiges of civilization. But one thing which stopped this Niagara of hate was the Indian Army. Centuries of discipline and traditions challenged the rot." Some may regret the recalling of the tragedies of three years ago. But surely a splendid chapter in the annals of the British Army should not go unrecorded.

WILLIAM P. BARTON.

ALWAYS A FUSILIER, by C. Northcote Parkinson. *Sampson Low.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Royal Fusiliers were in the war from the beginning, being among those who returned to England in 1940 across the beaches of Dunkirk. Thereafter they fought, various battalions of them, in the Western Desert, and in the Algerian and Tunisian campaign. They were in Italy from bottom to top, and they played vital rôles at Salerno, at Cassino and at Anzio. A history of the Fusiliers in the 1939-1945 war is therefore a history of a large part of the war itself, seen through the most important eyes of all—the eyes of the ordinary infantryman.

Dr. Northcote Parkinson has not attempted anything in the nature of a complete or exhaustive regimental history. Such a work, as he points out, could not be produced until the official histories of the war are published and until many private memoirs have been written and despatches made available. What the author has attempted, and has unquestionably achieved, is a general and readable survey of the part played by London's own regiment between 1939 and 1945, with detailed accounts of some (but not all—Keren is omitted) of the major battles in which it fought. The book will be read with pride by all Fusiliers and their families. It should be read also by many others who are interested in the struggle not from the level of the General Staff, but in war as seen from the bottom upwards, by the foot soldiers who, in this last war and in all previous wars, had the hardest, toughest and dirtiest jobs to do and yet were seldom rewarded with the greatest glory.

Since the regiment is now not far short of its four hundredth birthday it is only to be expected that many of the battles were contested over ground where Fusiliers had fought before. The author mentions this in passing in a way that adds greatly to the flavour of his narrative. After a vivid account of the

battle of Salerno he writes : " The Germans fell back to the line of the Volturno, making their opponents a present of Naples, complete with its stock of cosmetics, silk stockings, gloves and handbags. The Fusiliers had not been there since 1718."

The Fusiliers suffered heavy losses in this last war—how heavy they were in some actions comes as a shock on reading these pages. But the book is not without its humour, of which the following recorded at the crossing of the Po, is representative :

" During the afternoon the enemy put in a counter-attack on the left flank against ' X ' Company. The Company Commander reported the fact on the wireless by the signal ' Am being counter-attacked.' The Commanding Officer instructed the signaller to send back the signal : ' Where are you being counter-attached ? ' By some mischance the signal was received: ' Why are you being counter-attacked ? ' —the reply to which came back in a flash : ' Enemy not under command.' "

GORDON WINTER.

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, by R. J. Mitchell and M D. Leys. *Longmans.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

Although the expensive format is extremely American in style, this is a beautifully produced book, full of facts, clear, well illustrated, and mainly accurate in detail. It should be of interest to all those general readers who can afford it, and will no doubt be usefully purchased by school libraries. For it can bring no blush to any cheek but that of the professional historian. Its compilers, although their collaborative prose is undistinguished, and their punctuation sometimes capricious, have amassed a wide number of illustrations, pertinent and often entertaining, and their presentation is industrious and modest. If the book seems to underline a dubious tendency, therefore, to say so is not necessarily to attack its intention or competence.

I think it was Chesterton who said of J. H. Green's *Short History of the English People* that it was unfortunately so short that it omitted to mention the people. In the same way it might be said of this book that, although by no means short, it omits to mention the history. For all political, economic, ecclesiastical and agricultural history is by definition and repetition excluded. Literature is used for quotation, but not described as a force. The influence of ' great ' men and women is felt inappropriate to be included in the story of ' ordinary people ', and foreign influences and immigrant communities are barely mentioned. Underlying tendencies are rarely traced. Moreover, the progression is divided into such vast chunks that the last of the four books is headed " From Dutch William to the Jubilee "—although in fact it flirts with the twentieth century —as though it were possible to describe the clothing, habits, sports or food of the English throughout this period without explaining the political and economic upheavals that were responsible.

The result is a series of verbal illustrations without theme or continuity, so that a number of subjects dealt with leave one with a feeling of inadequacy. Witchcraft, for instance, only pops up in the seventeenth century, in the highly conventional form of a sympathetic description of poor harmless old crones being suddenly and inexplicably ducked, lynched, or ' burnt alive '. There is small indication of the background of belief and pagan practice which led to this ; whilst in fact no-one ever was burnt alive for witchcraft in English law. It is the same in many other sections. There is far too little about miners, early industrial conditions in the north, or, for instance, the underworld of Victorian London and of Victorian prosperity. There is very little indication of regional differences in the social pattern, although one is grateful for a title which is unashamed to deal with England alone.

Having said this, let it be repeated that if the reader of this book is not given any sight of the wood, many of the trees are delightful. There are a particularly sensible index and four end maps. As a series of vignettes of English life and custom it should please many people. But if this is, in the age of the little man, to become the conventional approach to history, it is to be expected that in a few generations the schoolboy who now welcomes it, will be finding guilty interest again in his heroes and battles. And perhaps, even, in a theory of history with a few dates to which to pin it.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

BRITISH CANALS: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY, by Charles Hadfield. *Phoenix House.* 16*s.*

There are two kinds of navigable waterways in Great Britain : estuaries and rivers, and artificial canals. The first may be navigable only because they are tidal, with movement of the larger craft being restricted to certain states of the tide, and the second—both narrow and wide—have been constructed solely for commercial purposes. The narrow canals are used by craft with a beam of about seven feet and a cargo capacity of 30 tons. Boats of 14 feet in width with cargoes of 200 tons must use the wider canals.

The heyday of canal construction was between 1750 and 1830, but it was in 1698 that 18 Yorkshiremen first obtained powers to improve the navigation on the rivers Aire and Calder between Leeds and Wakefield. In 1759 the Duke of Bridgewater received the Royal Assent for his first Canal Act enabling him to carry coal from his collieries at Worsley to Manchester. The early waterways were constructed at a time when the economy of the country was much less complete and infinitely more regional than it is to-day. The growth and development of our industries and the need for more flexible transport facilities placed the canals at a severe disadvantage compared with the more recently constructed railways. The ubiquitous motor lorry is now the last straw.

In 1905 forty million tons of merchandise was carried on the canals ; in 1948 only 10,000,000 tons was the figure, and it would appear that the successful continuance of this traffic will in future be limited to those sections of the track capable of handling estuarial craft and traffic. With few exceptions, the system of conveyance is outmoded and not even the magic wand of the Inland Waterways Association can rescue this Cinderella of transport.

In his otherwise excellent survey of British canals the author does not give much consideration to the problems of their future use. The extension of the 40-hour week and increased leisure point to a possible solution, and the recent rally of canal pleasure-craft users at Market Harborough certainly drew attention to the amenity value of obsolete industrial waterways. The book is liberally illustrated and the 15 excellent maps show the routes, development and linking of canals with the rivers and ports. Nor is the personal element overlooked, and the chapter on " Life on the Canals " illumines the hardships and hazards of the boatman and his family.

To the student the book is full of worthwhile information with the added advantage that the sources of all quotations are indicated. Its possession would have enabled some who sat for the recent Institute of Transport examination to avoid the criticism of the examiner " that many candidates evidently did not carry their thoughts beyond some local stretch of canal and consequently to one particular type of haulage used on it." The general reader will find everything here to whet his appetite for more researches into the subject generally, aided by the comprehensive bibliography which the book provides.

HERBERT T. BANYARD.

TOWARDS MY NEIGHBOUR, by C. R. Hewitt. *Longmans.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

In February 1905 and in Chicago, Illinois, a lawyer by name of Paul Harris called together a handful of friends and formed what, because its members met at each other's houses in rotation, came to be known as the Rotary Club. Its aims were to dispel the loneliness of the crowded working world by what they would call a " get together " and we would call fellowship, and to discuss matters of common interest, in which the promotion of their own business interests was frankly prominent.

In 1950 what is rightly known as Rotary International has a membership of 327,000 spread over 6,800 clubs in 80 countries ; it defines itself as " a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service." Its veto on being used as a channel for the promotion of the business interests of members is perhaps the more absolute for being nowhere included in the written constitution ; to include it could be but a redundancy offensive to the spirit of Rotary. Paul Harris lived on till 1947 ; he died full of years and honour, having given most of his life to nurturing what had been much its greatest surprise. Nothing had been more remote from his wildest dreams than this vast development from his original Rotary Club of Chicago. But he had risen fully to the unforeseen occasion.

Everybody has heard of Rotary though, for a movement which has no secrets, there is remarkably little real knowledge of it outside its own ranks. Composed almost exclusively of black-coated members who have achieved some modest status in their profession, who have " Service Above Self " for their motto, and who mostly display an unabashed " heartiness " of manner, it is the easiest of sitting targets for every sort of dark suspicion and light mockery, from Star Chamber of capitalism to insobriety of chambering and wantonness. A thoroughly human institution, it has its faults and sins, though anti-social conspiracy at its almost invariably teetotal luncheon and committee meetings is not amongst them ; and, as this book makes abundantly clear, far and away its sternest critics are in the ranks of its most devoted members.

Mr. Hewitt was asked to write a historical survey of Rotary and its work by its authorities in England who, after due deliberation, had decided to give the task to a non-Rotarian. This was a wise decision, as was their choice of Mr. Hewitt. Given the freedom of all the archives and all the clubs, he has shown a remarkable penetration of insight. His history is close-knit and accurate, his survey of the aims and objects of Rotary is true to its real spirit, his account of success and failure is objective, and the most thoughtful and experienced Rotarian would have little to amend or add to his hopes and doubts for the future.

Of necessity, the book will appeal chiefly to Rotarians (of whom the reviewer would suggest to all his fellows the very pleasant duty of reading it) ; they will find in it much that is surprisingly new to them as well as a refreshment in things familiar. But non-Rotarians will find in it the reality of what Rotary is and of what it tries to do. It is under no illusions about its own faults, but it is a real fellowship and it does try, often successfully, to help its members put their professional skill, and some of their spare time, at the service of the community in a spirit wherein self is made less pervasive than it can so easily be.

JOHN HALET.

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL IN FRANCE 1884-1914, by F. W. J. Hemmings. *Geoffrey Cumberlege : Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*

This study, a slightly abridged version of an Oxford doctorate thesis, is concerned with the conditions that determined the penetration of the Russian novel into France, and with the

influence which it subsequently exerted there, especially through the writings of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

Dr. Hemmings explains the combination of circumstances that brought the works of the great Russian novelists into such prominence during the ten years following 1880, their reception varying from intense enthusiasm to pronounced hostility. During the earlier part of the century, Russian literature had aroused little interest, except among a few individuals, of whom Prosper Mérimée was the most notable. Mérimée's importance as a precursor is rightly indicated, although his actual criticisms are dealt with rather summarily.

It was the interpretation of some of the Russian masterpieces given by Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé that proved the decisive turning-point. Vogüé's six articles, first published separately between 1883 and 1886, and then in volume form under the title *Le Roman russe*, were polemical in their intention. The Russian novel was presented as an effective challenge to the naturalist school, as something capable of infusing new life into French fiction. Vogüé laid stress on the wider conception of humanity to be found in the Russian novelists, and their greater concern with those spiritual forces which Zola and his followers had left out of their reckoning ; above all, on their recognition of, and sympathy for, the sufferings of mankind, and on the moral purpose with which they were so strongly imbued.

Vogüé's contentions, sometimes oversimplified, formed the basis of a discussion lasting some 25 years. The idea that French literature needed renewal from foreign influences was vigorously challenged by those who feared that its integrity might be impaired. Jules Lemaître and other critics were in fact at pains to prove that the Russian writers were not so much innovators, but rather borrowers themselves from the French. Dr. Hemmings describes these arguments as evidence of parochialism, while agreeing that they had some foundation. He mentions that Dostoevsky was an impassioned admirer of George Sand, and that his " first work was a translation of a Balzac novel." It might have seemed of advantage to specify that this was *Eugénie Grandet*, and also to refer to Dostoevsky's fervent acclamation of Balzac's greatness—surely one of the most notable tributes ever paid by one novelist to another.

Dr. Hemmings makes a searching and illuminating analysis of the parallels he has found between the Russian novelists, and such writers as Maupassant, Paul Marguerritte, Paul Bourget, Edouard Rod and Charles Louis Philippe. He shows to what an extent, with differing degrees of emphasis, the spirit of the Russian masterpieces had become assimilated into the French novel during this period. The frequent resemblances in theme, characterization and treatment are explained partly by certain affinities in temperament and outlook, but they were often, it would appear, the result of direct inspiration by specific Russian sources, although in this connection Dr. Hemmings is sometimes unable to give positive proof, except in so far as close coincidence may denote actual " borrowing ".

In his concluding chapters, the author considers the reasons for the relatively limited vogue of " Tolstoyism " in France, and assesses, with much discrimination, the true nature of Romain Rolland's indebtedness to Tolstoy, both as thinker and novelist, and also his divergences from him. The whole study contributes most usefully to an understanding of these new trends in French literature.

CHARLES GOULD.

AFRICAN IDEAS OF GOD, edited by Edwin W. Smith (21s.), is published by Edinburgh House Press, 2, Eaton Gate, London, S.W.1. It was reviewed in the September issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

The impulse to snatch up the first book, make off with it to a quiet corner of the cave, and only emerge when it has been devoured, is not to be denied.

G.K.C.

A few hours later. Daylight again, and curiously inadequate, after the juicy splendours of THE COMMON MAN (*Sheed & Ward.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). But G. K. Chesterton ever left his reader nourished to the brim, and with a good stout bone for sharpening the wits upon and to fashion into ornaments of use and beauty. He could always charm, even in his perverse moments—even when he most allowed the tendency to drag in the Roman Catholic Church to run away with his theme. His was the power that exasperated without alienating ; he could never turn his own feet into clay, and his fireworks—astonishingly—warmed as well. When he died, a great light went out for one of his idolaters and that particular flame has never been rekindled. So, when his literary executor found a " mass of essays that had never appeared in any of his collections," this first selection was bound to give these eyes a greedy glitter.

Always bearing in mind Sir Max Beerbohm's strictures on the same subject in his delightful Rede Lecture on Lytton Strachey, here is what G.K.C. says of the common man : " I do not adore him, but I do believe in him ; at least I believe in him much more than I believe in them " (those who oppress him in practice and adore him in theory). Then there is the limpid kind of criticism that appears in the piece on " The Hound of Heaven ", where a member of the Salvation Army would recognize the central theology of Thompson's poem as promptly as the Pope, or in the leaping survey of thought and style " From Meredith to Rupert Brooke ". " If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach " it would be against pride, says Chesterton ; on the thesis that all evil began with some attempt at superiority. Here speaks one who has been accused of dallying with totalitarianism. His detractors, however, it is noted with satisfaction, are already *déclassé*. Let them read this mighty man again and, in face of his humility, be humble.

Lizzy and Tessa

The glow of praise spreads to someone else to whom a very different debt is due. She wrote a best-seller that is also a good book ; in fact she wrote the best novel about musicians of this century. If anybody doubts so large a claim, he should read the opening paragraph of *The Constant Nymph.* That the standard of this is maintained throughout he will soon be discovering for himself. The author made her readers believe in the dedication of her characters to music and, much more difficult, she made us believe in their genius. Her Sangers, poor Trigorin, the Churchills and Dodd are more real to one who has read her book about once a year since it was first published in 1924, than are some living composers, impresarios and masters of colleges. Therefore, when Margaret Kennedy's name stands under the title of JANE AUSTEN (*Arthur Barker : English Novelists Series.* 6*s.*), the opportunity to commend her no less than Jane herself is pounced upon. Miss Kennedy's story wanders all over the Austrian Alps, Cambridge and London, and Miss Austen's canvases are no bigger than her own little town of Chawton. Yet they are one in their gift of delicate irony, and in their delineation of character without recourse to descriptions of it. Tessa Sanger is surely beloved of her creator, just as Elizabeth Bennet was of hers. Miss Kennedy says: " In the work of Jane Austen we never trip over a fake " and, as this could equally well apply to her own writing, her study of that work presenting, as she does freshly, aspects of Jane's character and achievement, could not be other than satisfying.

One of the few

This, for some reason difficult to understand, is not the verdict on Lovat Dickson's RICHARD HILLARY (*Macmillan* 8*s.* 6*d.*). Perhaps the young airman's own book *The Last Enemy* has prejudiced Mr. Dickson's position as biographer. Perhaps, too, his very love for " the bright-eyed, the witty, the virile boy " acknowledged in the preface, has been a handicap. At any rate, it is not communicated so that the reader loves him too. As his publisher and friend, the author had opportunities of knowing the true Richard Hillary and of probing the psychological struggle which sent the burnt boy, patched and still raw, back to flying. Yet, somehow, the telling leaves the reader ungratefully cold ; only the goad of thoughts of the Battle of Britain hero with bright gifts, dying young and leaving a last testament in the words :

> In my life I had a few friends, I learnt a little widsom and a little patience. What more could a man ask for ?

can get one inside this re-creation of " the beauty and courage and nobility of youth." Seemingly the fault is not really Lovat Dickson's. It belongs to the out-of-jointness of the times ; the last enemy has become a commonplace.

The theologian's tale

How one man thought of death—as " walking up the Gemmi . . . it looked as if there were no possible way out, but when you get there you could always see another stretch "—and lived his life accordingly, is told in DAVID CAIRNS : An Autobiography, with a Memoir by Professor D. M. Baillie (*S.C.M. Press* 12*s.* 6*d.*). This is the story of a theologian's research and experience within himself, through the wide world of America and the Far East where he lectured, in Germany at Marburg, and from his contacts as Principal of Christ's College, Aberdeen, and with the Student Christian Movement. His personality shines clear and inviting in these pages and not least in the section containing his letters. In old age—he was 84 when he died in 1946—his sense of humour was as strong as ever and he could recite a great deal of poetry. " One day " says Professor Baillie " he suddenly broke into a sonnet by Christina Rossetti, and when asked how long ago he had learned it he replied : " At a bookstall in Cairo in 1883." A happy traveller !

Travelling hopefully

Just as happily did another scholar set out to seek God on a journey whose record he calls I FOLLOW ST. PATRICK (*Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*). The book was first published in 1938 and has been long out of print. More's the pity for one who only discovered Ireland in 1947 and 1948. As the title implies, Oliver St. John Gogarty " visited all the places in Wales and in Ireland where St. Patrick lived, and travelled all the roads that the Saint followed in the course of his wanderings." This then is not the biography of a holy man but, in the author's phrase, "geographical history". There is much to be learnt here of Ireland when these islands were part of the Roman Empire, for example, of " the hamlet which has grown into Dublin."——" If you haven't *got* to travel you might as well stay at home," says Rupert Croft-Cooke sweepingly in TRAVELLER'S QUEST (*Hodge.* 15*s.*) to which he is one of the contributors. He means, going when you cannot afford it, when you are not fit for it, when it means sacrifice and insecurity. The urge—whether it be to answer the call of the sea as with Adrian Seligman, or just for curiosity like Alec Waugh, or with Negley Farson and John Garstang in their searches for adventure and knowledge—has visited, and lingers yet, in these 16 people. Ella Maillart calls her essay " The Philosophy of Travel ", Cora J. Gordon's is " The Artist as a Traveller " and Freya Stark writes on " Remote Places ". The three women, the most prodigious of travellers, know well the allurements. M. A. Michael, the Editor, whose introduction is

properly called " What is Travel? " (he also translates Henri Bordeaux's piece " The Call of High Places " from the French, and from the Danish Peter Freuchen's " The Quest for a Better Life and a Better Self "), has bound together a most enjoyable collection of experiments in living.

Excursions in anthology

An inspired jackdaw of a collector is Edith Sitwell whose latest store of treasures is A BOOK OF THE WINTER (*Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*). There are little sparklers from Donne, Campion, Villon, Rimbaud, Wyatt, Queen Henrietta Maria's cook and St. Catherine of Siena. There are translations from the Japanese by Arthur Waley, " A Digression on the Nature of Spirits, Bad Angels, or Devils " from Burton's *Anatomy*, and Milton's "For a Solemn Music " from *Areopagitica.* These are picked almost at random from the hoard that is put away mainly for the dark days of the year but which could only embroider any other part of the calendar.——Another unusual collection is Clive Sansom's BY WORD OF MOUTH (*Methuen.* 6*s.*), an anthology of prose for reading aloud. But the avowed purpose is forgotten in the pleasure to be obtained from reading it to oneself, and some idea of its attractions can well be imparted in the words of the compiler himself :

> . . . how Shelley got expelled, how Wordsworth behaved in Switzerland, how Trollope conducted himself before a prospective mother-in-law, how Dr. Johnson went for a frisk, how officers of the Grenadier Guards carried umbrellas on to the field of battle—and used them—and what Coleridge said to the old clo' man.

Then there are activities of a less literary sort to be described and commented upon, from squinting to backbiting, from Clarence Day's first music lesson to riding a horse with Stephen Leacock. Spirits are generally high, but the serious pieces have been discriminatingly chosen. The Bible and James Jeans figure together in "The Making of the World", Roosevelt's Four Freedoms are quoted, David's grief for Absalom in the second book of *Samuel* is as poignant as ever, and John Donne and Sir Walter Raleigh are stately, sonorous rather, on the subject of death. And, to wake again in this reader the shock of sound so recently heard at the top of the campanile of St. Mark's in Venice when the bells began to swing, is H. V. Morton in the tower of Big Ben.

Nostalgia

Which brings us neatly to LONDON WORK AND PLAY : a Series of Illustrations, with an Introduction by Harry Batsford (*Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*). No visitor should fail to take home this memorial of the city's life in 84 photographs—not only of the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace but of the barrows in Kilburn High Road ; of the audience on the last night of the Albert Hall promenade concerts, craft on the Thames, crowds at Paddington Station, spring in Kensington Gardens, and the speakers at Marble Arch.

The Londoner too—standing on the National Gallery steps before the Fra Angelico and Lippi lecture, thinking of the pigeons in that other and 'squarer' square by the Adriatic, feeling the spray on the wind from the Trafalgar fountains and yearning again for the fountains of Rome, seeing not St. Martin's-in-the-Fields but Ghiberti's door of the Baptistery in Florence, not Nelson's column but Pisa's tower—should turn these pages often, and (belatedly recollecting citizenship of no mean city) cheer up.

GRACE BANYARD.

ADVERTISEMENT AND BUSINESS OFFICES : 4, 5 & 6, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.
PUBLISHED FOR THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, LTD., BY HORACE MARSHALL & SON, LTD.,
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY GEERINGS OF ASHFORD, LTD., 80, HIGH STREET, ASHFORD, KENT.
Publishing Department, Temple House, Tallis Street, E.C.4.
PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND.